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CANADA AND THE U.S.

MEDITATIONS OF A LANDED IMMIGRANT

Edgar Z. Friedenberg

●

Jailed With the Mayday Tribe John Mathews

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REVOLUTION FROM WITHIN

THE PUBLIC WORKER TRANSFORMS LABOR

William L. Abbott

Not Ape nor Angel

'MAN-CHILD': David Jonas & Doris Klein

Arno Karlen

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LETTERS

across the border

Toronto, Canada

DEAR SIRS: In your comments on Railpax [editorial, Apr. 19], you omit one interesting point—that the planners seem to feel that the tracks all end at the U.S. border!

There has been concern in Canada that passenger service from Toronto and Montreal within 300 or 400 miles of here will be dropped because the last U.S. city on each route would alone not generate sufficient traffic. This is a case where one can speak quite literally of being shortsighted.

A. Peter Ruderman, University of Toronto

random theatre

Garrett Park, Md.

DEAR SIRS: I have just come from seeing Ionesco's *Wipe-Out Games* and I wish to add my voice to Harold Clurman's point of drama criticism, in *The Nation* [May 3], namely the lack of ideas and the growing introversion in the present-day theatre. The public is forced to think, ponder, reflect and philosophize in a random unobjective way; whereas it can do this at home, if it wants to do it at all, and on such subjects as it chooses.

I would like to pass on to your readers the finest story in theatre annals which I have ever heard. During the first performance of Aeschylus' *Eumenides*, when the shadow of Clytemnestra appeared before the temple at Delphi to arouse the sleeping Furies and incite them to action, strange things occurred among the audience: several women went mad and several old men died of shock. The next day the municipal council of Athens addressed a request to Aeschylus that he curb the flight of his genius and write less inspired, less magnificent, and less moving scenes—for the public could not endure such a pitch. In twenty-five centuries no authority has ever again addressed a similar request to any playwright. . . .

Alfred Henley

Middle East security

Princeton, N.J.

DEAR SIRS: Nadav Safran's article, "The Fleeting Opportunity" [*The Nation*, Apr. 5], develops a cogent argument for a mutual security treaty between the United States and Israel at this time. I found the argument interesting, rather than compelling, and was troubled by a number of points. . . .

First, to identify "peace" in the Middle East so completely with a settlement between Israel and Egypt is to overlook the fundamental level of conflict between the Palestinians and Israel. . . . Neither peace nor justice can be attained in the area without an accommodation between the Jewish and Palestinian peoples. . . .

Second, the idea of a mutual defense treaty is vague and ambiguous in the context of the Middle East. What might make such a treaty effective would be provisions enabling Israel to call upon the United States to break a blockade of the Straits of Tiran or to station troops on the Israeli border in the event of a serious threat of Arab attack.

Third, if the United States offers matching mutual defense treaties to Arab countries, as Mr. Safran proposes, then the security guarantee to Israel is seriously eroded before it ever comes into existence. Who would decide in a period of crisis which side was the aggressor and which the defender? The ultimate legalistic fantasy would involve U.S. forces confronting U.S. forces as a result of honoring its defense commitment to both sides. . . . The identity of an aggressor is not self-evident, as has indeed been disclosed by the Middle East wars in 1956 and 1967, when reasonable men and international law experts disagreed about which side was the aggressor. I suppose Mr. Safran could say that there is little chance that an Arab government would seek such a treaty with the United States, but then why bother offering it?

Richard A. Falk, Milbank Professor of International Law

EDITORIALS

Who Owns America?

In this age of data collection, of dossiers, of computerized information systems, one would think that the basic data about who owns what in the United States would be instantly available. Unfortunately, the passion for data stops with individuals and political organizations, particularly peace organizations. To remedy this paradoxical state of affairs, Sen. Lee Metcalf introduced on May 5 a bill, S. 113, to create a Special Committee to Investigate Economic and Financial Concentration. The committee would consist of a chairman and two members each from the following committees: Agriculture, Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs, Commerce, Finance, Government Operations, Interior and Insular Affairs, Judiciary, Labor and Public Welfare. It would be empowered to "study and investigate the extent of concentration of economic power in the financial control over the production and distribution of goods and services in the nation's commerce," and to file its report by January 31, 1973.

If the Senate approves the proposed inquiry it will be the first of its kind since the seminal TNEC (Temporary National Economic Committee) investigations of the late 1930s. Since then the ownership pattern has changed in numerous and complex ways, and a new inquiry is long overdue. As Senator Metcalf notes, we lack the pertinent data about economic ownership and concentration on which government policy should be based in a dozen different fields. How is it possible to project a sound antitrust policy without knowing who owns what? For example, until recently the ICC required railroads to disclose their thirty largest shareholders. Now nine roads list a single company as their sole owner, giving no indication of who owns the holding company. Holding companies of this kind can issue stocks and bonds without ICC regulations, and some of them are said to have reached out into non-transportation businesses. What it comes down to is that the more curious government becomes about individual citizens, the less curious it becomes about corporate ownership. From the point of view of basic economic policy making in the 1970s, Senator Metcalf has raised the prime question: Who Owns America? Only diligent investigation, backed up by the power of subpoena, will produce the answer.

Winking at Poverty

Everyone knows that the United States is financially and technologically capable of abolishing poverty. The capability is so obvious that some people have been talking as if the process was actually under way, and until last year, by selecting statistics a little carefully, they could make out a case. Federal records on the number of poor people were first compiled in 1959. For ten years thereafter the poverty population decreased by an average of 5 per cent a year. Thus, ignoring large differences among segments of the population, it could be held that, slowly but surely, poverty was being eliminated. In 1970, however, the trend was reversed. The poverty census rose to 25.5 million,

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a rise of 1.2 million, or 5 per cent above the figure for 1969.

Actually, there are many more millions of the poor than the federal tally indicates. The government defines poverty according to a sliding scale. The 1959 threshold was $2,973 for a family of four; this rose to $3,743 in 1969 and to $3,968 in 1970. At these figures many families of that size would know themselves to be poor. If the threshold was raised to $4,960—still no bed of roses—the poverty population would rise sharply—from 33 per cent to 43 per cent for blacks; among whites from 10 per cent to 14 per cent.

Even accepting the lower threshold, one white American in ten lives in poverty, compared with one black American in three. Not only are far more blacks poor, relative to the total black population, but they are poorer than their white counterparts. The average poor white family's income was about $1,000 below the poverty line, the average black's was $1,300 below.

In terms of expenditure, raising all Americans above the officially defined poverty level would not seem an insuperable task. In 1969, $10.1 billion would have sufficed. Now it would take some $11.4 billion, or well under the annual cost of the Vietnamese War at its peak.

The causes of the rise in poverty are, not surprisingly, unemployment and inflation. Inflation hits those living on small pensions and on welfare. Last December, unemployment stood at 6.2 per cent. It then dropped slightly, but in April was almost back to the peak: 6.1 per cent. The averages conceal depression levels of unemployment. White unemployment has been holding steady at 5.6 per cent, but joblessness among blacks is 10 per cent. This figure is made worse by unemployment among black teenagers: a terrifying 32.1 per cent. All unemployment statistics tend to be too low, since they are based on people looking for work, and do not take into account those who have given up in the present labor market.

The White House and Secretary of Labor James D. Hodgson, finding the figure disagreeable, decided two months ago to discontinue Bureau of Labor Statistics press briefings. Sen. William Proxmire, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, then undertook to publicize the situation. He scheduled a morning hearing to coincide with the release of the April figures on unemployment. Mr. Hodgson refused to send Bureau experts to testify. Mr. Proxmire shot off an angry telegram. Mr. Hodgson offered to send experts to testify in the afternoon, but this did not suit Mr. Proxmire.

Mr. Nixon is understandably reluctant to stress unemployment and poverty statistics, as long as they are bad. There are signs also that he is reluctant to continue the existing 926 Community Action programs, under which $1.5 billion has been going directly to groups run largely by the poor—and especially by racial minorities. In Memphis, the Administration closed down the anti-poverty agency, because of "excessive" conflict between black youths and City Hall. In the Mississippi Delta, funds for two black-directed Head Start programs were suspended; the contention there was that local white officials would run them more efficiently.

The Nixon revenue-sharing plan would take the $1.5 billion that now funds Community Action and give it to

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state and local governments, which could continue or discontinue these programs at their pleasure. A Mississippi Head Start chairman commented: "The Nixon Administration is turning the money and program back to the same people who have kept us in slavery for 350 years."

Too Big to Fall?

The Administration has decided to bail out the *de facto* bankrupt Lockheed Corporation, the nation's largest (and probably most incompetent) defense supplier. If Congress goes along, it will have to override such outraged Representatives as William S. Moorhead (D., Pa.) who is willing, together with many other legislators and businessmen, to let the company go officially bankrupt. Referring to Lockheed's chairman by name, Mr. Moorhead said the only effect would be the ousting of "Dan Haughton and his merry band of thieves." If the Congress allows Haughton to get away with his performance on the C-5A, a misbegotten military transport, and the L-1011, an airliner whose future is a pure gamble, the moral will be plain. It will mean that any company which has the right connections at the Pentagon, in key Congressional committees, and in the White House, is essentially beyond the law.

The article by Stockton and Newman in this issue recites the facts of the C-5A saga and its ramifications. It corroborates Berkeley Rice's piece in the magazine section of *The New York Times* (May 9) and the account in *Fortune*. The facts are not in dispute. Some officials in the Air Force tried to cover up for Lockheed; officers who refused to go along suddenly found themselves in Vietnam or Addis Ababa; the chief civilian critic, Ernest Fitzgerald, was fired. There were irregularities which no banker would stand for, such as Lockheed's refusal, abetted by the Pentagon, to furnish cash-flow data to Sen. William Proxmire, on the ground that it was "proprietary" information. This from a company which was operating largely with government-owned plants, government-owned machinery, and taxpayers' money—billions of it.

The Congress should listen to those who, some of them in high places, have wanted to expose the machinations of Lockheed management. Gordon Rule, identified by Rice as "the Navy's top civilian contract expert," told a House subcommittee: "If defense contractors can't hack it, they ought to be terminated for default. If they lose money and go bankrupt, let them do it. Maybe a couple of bankruptcies and defaults in the industry [will] do them good." And at the recent meeting of Mr. Nixon's blue-ribbon Business Council, composed of big business executives, there was almost unanimous opposition to the Administration's proposal to rescue Lockheed with a government-guaranteed, $250 million loan—this atop the enormous sums that have already been squandered.

While the money is intended for Lockheed, the bill has been written to cover other major companies that find themselves in similar plight. This avoids the charge of special legislation, but increases the danger. If businesses are to be bailed out because the consequences of their failure would be dangerous to the economy, and regardless of mismanagement and actions bordering on fraud, what becomes of the vestiges of free enterprise which remain in the defense and aerospace industries? The argument for free enterprise is that it promotes efficiency. In Lockheed's operations one cannot find it. If this company is saved, what looms is a kind of state socialism of the most evil kind, with neither the virtues of competition nor those of effective government control.

Subsidies to business are as old as the federal government, but until the cold war made arms spending a mainstay of the national economy, we managed to keep some distinction between private and public business. If Congress wants to obliterate this separation entirely, all it need do is follow Mr. Nixon's plan to reward the Lockheed management for its misdeeds and failures.

Ghost Town

The virulent white racism of Cairo, Ill., made notorious by frequent coverage in the national press [see "Ghost Town Vigilantes: The Racial Pallor of Cairo" by G. Louis Heath, *The Nation*, December 22, 1969], now threatens to collapse the town's public school system. The system was segregated until 1967, when Cairo was ordered to integrate. The major white reaction was to found a private school, Camelot Parochial. Today, almost 400 white students attend this school; it pretends to be open to all, but the all-white student body and the pictures of George Wallace adorning the walls would lead one to infer otherwise. A few white students commute to an all-white parochial school in Paducah, Ky., across the Ohio River.

As an increasing number of parents have chosen to have their children attend Camelot or commute to Paducah, the public schools have become increasingly impoverished and more and more black. Cairo's public school population declined from 1,632 in 1968-69 to 1,206 in 1969-70, a drop of 25 per cent. During the same period, white students declined from 50 per cent to 26 per cent. State aid, which is based on average daily attendance, dropped by $243,000. Since racial violence exploded in Cairo in March 1969, the tax base has shrunk from $20.2 million to $17.3 million. Industries like Swift Packing and Singer have fled to more hospitable surroundings. The town's population dwindled from 8,400 to 6,200 in the same period. Pleading poverty with these data in March 1971, the Cairo public school board claimed that it could no longer afford to operate a school system and would close down on April 1.

But since the Illinois constitution requires that public schools remain open, state superintendent of public instruction, Michael Bakalis, halted closure and provided emergency funds. He sent a team of investigative lawyers to Cairo to ascertain why there was a financial crisis. The group was particularly interested to learn if public school money was being illegally channeled into Camelot. A number of teachers in the public schools—interviewees who insist on protective anonymity—have so charged.

Cairo's blacks believe that the white school board and county school officials are not concerned to keep the predominantly black schools open. They feel the whites are trying to kill the school system as a reprisal for the black boycott that has devastated local white business. The United Front, a black coalition, has often accused Grace Duff, superintendent of Alexander County Education Serv-

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ice Region, of not fully supporting the public schools. She recently fed their suspicion by presenting a paper at the 76th annual convention of the North Central Association of Accreditation in Chicago that in effect advocated private education as a means of *de facto* segregation.

Robert Simpson, Cairo school board president, claims that the public schools are so deeply in debt that, beginning next fall, they can remain open for only three months of the school year, and that even three months of operation will require that $400,000 be cut from the budget and that half the staff be released.

The Rev. Charles Koen, executive director of the United Front, summarizes the drift toward educational apartheid:

"It has been racism throughout the years that has seen practically all of Cairo destroyed. Black people will not, indeed cannot, bear any of the blame for the threatened closing of the public schools. The blame rests squarely on the deep-seated racism which controls this community. This racism is leading to the total destruction of this once prosperous community."

If one can rely on computer predictions, Cairo will have a zero population—full ghost-town status—by 1981. Self-immolation seems a singularly uncreative solution to racial and educational crisis.

Good Dr. Nixon

It is difficult to criticize a man who proclaims that he will take an active part in the quest for an early cure for cancer, and that is what President Nixon calculated when he announced on May 11 that the national program to conquer the disease, for which he was requesting Congressional approval, would be the one research project in the federal health establishment to be given an independent budget and made directly responsible to him. Politicians prize above rubies a cause that will win instant public approval and arouse no negative response; they are not easy to find in the area of public issues, and it can be expected that Mr. Nixon will denounce cancer vigorously on the campaign trail that now stretches ahead of him.

Mr. Nixon is quoted as saying that he believes "Presidential interest and Presidential guidance will hasten the cure for cancer." It is not immediately obvious why this should be so. When a desirable national goal is beset by the ambushes of contrary interests or prejudices, strong leadership from the White House can indeed make the crucial difference, but cancer research is heavily financed, many brilliant scientists are devoting their lives to it, and the President does not tell us of anyone who is trying to impede their progress.

Given the other problems that trouble the nation, one might suppose that this was one the Chief Executive could responsibly delegate to experts in the field. The campaign to end poverty is suffering reverses (see editorial this issue), the drive for desegregation has run into heavy opposition, attempts to shift the expenditure of the national income from the military and toward critical civil needs are unavailing. In none of these areas does the President announce his personal intervention, but then none of them enjoys the political purity of cancer research. To be sure, Mr. Nixon is most voluble in his claims to desire an end to the war in Southeast Asia, but the cure for that disease, under his ministrations, seems as elusive as that for cancer. Indeed, there is the possibility that the latter will be found first, in which case one may be sure that Mr. Nixon will be seen on television, phoning the scientist to offer his congratulations and perhaps to ask the newly famous man his views on the World Series.

Reagan's Legal Aid

California Gov. Ronald Reagan would replace the California Rural Legal Assistance (CRLA) with an "*ajudicare*" (a Reagan coinage) program governed by the established lawyers in each rural county. That is a curious thing for him to do, because the Governor is performing radical fiscal surgery on such programs as Medicare, and the legal service to the poor he proposes costs *five times* as much as the OEO-funded neighborhood law office program he would replace.

When the Governor vetoed CRLA's $1.8 million OEO legal services grant he announced that his own war-on-poverty czar, Lewis K. Uhler, a former member of the John Birch Society, was putting together the alternate "ajudicare" program. While few details have been released by Uhler, a glance at the judicare models he is copying shows that a judicare program to duplicate CRLA's services would cost $8 million. Of course, he has no thought of duplicating CRLA's services.

CRLA's forty-four attorneys work a fifty-to-sixty-hour week for a $12,500 annual salary; groups of volunteer attorneys and third-year law students working for stipends add to the total number of legal service hours. In the end, the price tag is $8 an hour, and that includes all administrative costs.

Judicare in California and Wisconsin pays private attorneys $20 an hour; the average case is an uncontested divorce that takes from four to five hours. Add in the administrative costs and judicare averages $40 an hour. A young lawyer who administered a judicare program in the San Francisco Bay Area said, "Judicare is a failure; the participating attorneys never filed a class action, never appealed a case, never filed a federal court action, never initiated a superior court suit other than divorce. . . . These lawyers *are* the establishment, they represent the establishment; how can they turn around and represent the poor against the established order? They can't, so the program ends up as a very expensive divorce mill."

On the other hand, the quixotic CRLA attorneys are committed to legal reforms; they seek broad issues that will have the widest impact on poverty. When a poor mother says her hungry child is denied a school lunch for lack of money, a CRLA attorney doesn't just dig into his own pocket, or phone a friend on the school board; he files a federal court class action to force the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the state and local school officials to feed *all hungry children*. If a governor or a federal official gets in the way, he becomes a part of the suit.

CRLA has won 85 per cent of its cases, and several of these actions involved Governor Reagan. He is therefore piqued, but he also sees political advantage in rousting a program that the Nixon Administration has approved and refunded.

To remove legal service programs from the threat of

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either personal spite or political ambition, a group of young poverty lawyers across the country have helped draft a bill to create a private, nonprofit corporation to administer federal aid programs for the poor. The bill has been introduced in Congress and appears to have the support of a broad group within the American Bar Association.

Jerome Shestak, an ABA expert on legal services, judicare and CRLA said, "The ABA is deeply committed to meaningful legal services for the poor. Judicare, with proper guidelines, can be utilized, if the idea is to help the poor, rather than subvert existing legal services programs." As he explained it, judicare could be used in a subordinate role to handle divorces and the day-to-day legal trivia that CRLA-type programs must now ignore if they are to have any lasting effect on poverty. RONALD B. TAYLOR

Reagan's Privacy

Ronald Reagan (Governor of California and Presidential aspirant) is a righteous man, at least in his own estimation. When an enterprising reporter discovered that he had paid no California state income tax in 1970, the Governor was outraged. His privacy had been invaded! The press, he said, had demeaned itself "a little bit" by participating in this disclosure. The reason he had paid no state income tax was that he had suffered business reverses. What his losses were he refused to say. He did reveal that over the past five years he had paid state income taxes totaling more than $90,000.

That sounds pretty good, but suspicious reporters, not hesitating to demean themselves further, have an idea that the entire amount, or the greater part of it, may have been paid in a single year, and that there may be other years besides 1970 when His Excellency paid little or nothing in state income taxes. After he was elected Governor, he sold a ranch he owned at Malibu to Twentieth Century Fox, reportedly for about $2 million. He refuses to say how much federal income tax he paid in 1970.

There is a humorous aspect to all this, though the taxpayers of California may not appreciate the joke. Reagan has been telling them that taxes are too high. As a fiscal conservative, he has said that taxes should hurt, so that the taxpayers may be aware of the burden. Statements like that are now being thrown back at him. One California newspaper headlined an editorial: "Governor Reagan Feeling No Pain."

Reagan's stand is that he is entitled to the financial privacy enjoyed by all citizens. But when a man assumes public office, he always forfeits certain private rights. Unlike many officeholders, Reagan has not turned over his assets to a trustee for the duration of his governorship, so that there could be no suspicion of his being influenced in his actions as a public official by his private financial interests. The people of California know nothing about his investments, which must be substantial.

While Reagan's tax status was being probed by the press, other matters pertaining to his finances came to light. According to a staff writer on the *Los Angeles Times*, he has asked for a fee of $25,000 to speak on June 14 at a Republican fund-raising dinner in Boston. (This, to be sure, was an asking price.) The GOP state chairman, Herbert Waite, says the request came to him through the Republican National Committee, which is clearing all of Reagan's out-of-state fund-raising efforts. The Governor is also scheduled to speak in Manchester, N.H., on June 15. The Republican chairman of that state, Robert E. Whalen, was told that Reagan's usual fee was 10 per cent of the *gross* receipts or his expenses, whichever was greater. Whalen's estimate was that the Manchester dinner might attract 2,500 at $50 a ticket, or a gross of $125,000; he can't imagine that Reagan's expenses would be $12,500.

There is no imputation that such receipts are used for other than political purposes. Reagan may be raising money for a Presidential campaign chest, or to run against Alan Cranston for the Senate in 1974. Whatever his plan, the revelations about his failure to pay any state income tax in 1970 have made a great many Republicans unhappy. No doubt what he did was legal enough, but the Reagan image has been undermined by suspicion and ridicule, and in politics such slurs are incalculably damaging.

JAILED WITH THE MAYDAY TRIBE

JOHN MATHEWS
Mr. Mathews writes on education for the Washington Star.

Washington, D.C.

I was busted during the nonviolent Mayday sit-down in front of John Mitchell and his Justice Department. As a reporter for the Washington *Star*, I was circulating among the demonstrators, trying to sense their spirit and emotion as they waited for riot police to cart them away to jails and detention centers around the capital. A police inspector and I had a disagreement over my right to cover the story. After a brief discussion, he took me firmly by the arm to a prisoner bus. We had our pictures taken together by prisoner control personnel and I was frisked, classic spread-eagle style. My two ball point pens were confiscated.

Twenty hours later, the city's corporation counsel dropped the charge against me of violating police lines and I was released. For eighteen of those hours, my newspaper, despite its reportorial resources, was unable to locate me in the labyrinth of a criminal justice system in the process of breaking down under the stress of a mass arrest and detention policy.

My discomforts in confinement were typical: 106 people in a 40-by-21-foot cell for six and a half hours, then

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Macpherson (Toronto Star)

sixty-six inmates in an 18-by-20-foot cell for eight and a half hours; two bologna sandwiches, no ability to make phone calls. Many more young people—and some adults —suffered much worse pre-arraignment punishments.

David Ifshin, the president of the National Student Association, spent more time in jail during the Mayday activities than on the street. He was arrested first on the 14th Street Bridge, while on the way to the Pentagon with Dr. Spock, and held for fourteen hours. The following day, he was arrested by the Justice Department and released forty-six hours later. During his entire confinement, Ifshin always found himself in 7-by-3.5-foot, two-man cells into which anywhere from ten to sixteen people had been packed. Some people slept by hanging on the bars like monkeys. One guard, who must have been a devotee of classic prison literature like that of the Dumas family, actually threw crumbs from his hamburger and the top from his Coke bottle at the prisoners. Other guards boasted of the higher than 100-degree temperature in the police headquarters cellblock. Ifshin summed it up: "Spiro T. Agnew said conditions of prisons in Saigon are not much different from conditions of prisons in this country. Well, he wasn't too far wrong."

For me, the long hours in the lockup were not the boring ordeal I had feared. They turned out, instead, to be a valued chance to live for a time as a participant-observer in a temporary society created by the young. The young men in my cellblock were intent on proving to themselves, and indirectly to the handful of adults confined with them, that they could create a society that placed the interests of the community above those of the individual. Valuable possessions, like food, water and cigarettes, lost their individual ownership and as a matter of course became shared property. Spontaneous meetings evolved to deal with common problems and solve them according to a group consensus, after individual views had been aired and considered.

One can dismiss the high quality of life in such a situation as a typical human reaction to adversity, which often brings out the best in people: the Britons in their bomb shelters; civil rights workers in their embattled headquarters. However, I kept wondering what the atmosphere would have been if 100 of my over-30 friends and I had been confined together for that length of time. Many of these young people, from pampered, affluent, middle-class backgrounds, were really trying, I concluded, to put to the test new sorts of human relationships and systems of values that my generation had never seriously considered. Whether they can sustain this quality of living in their communes or families, and whether such a new mode will not become as conformist and inadequate as the older styles of life are to me still open questions. All I know is that for those nearly twenty hours in jail I lived in one of the healthiest human societies I have ever experienced.

Many of our hours of talk in the cellblock centered on assessments of the Mayday actions. Several schools of thought emerged on the significance of the demonstrations. "Demonstrations are for the demonstrators and nothing more," was the way one young revolutionary put it. He argued that any demonstration provides a cathartic boost to its participants, that its effect on anyone else, like the public at large, is both negligible and irrelevant. In the present instance, his analysis continued, the tiny minority of self-styled "urban guerrillas" and what he called the "nonviolence freaks," both profited personally. The guerrillas got basic training in hit-and-run tactics, such as auto tire slashing or pushing cars into streets, then deflating their tires—tactics the vast majority of demonstrators opposed. The advocates of nonviolence received a major inspirational boost, he added, from the large sit-downs at Justice and at the Capitol. In summary, the Mayday demonstrations showed the participants that in Washington, and back in their own communities, they can go beyond the standard march and assembly tactics of the peace movement and enter a more activist nonviolent or proto-violent phase. "There never will be another April 24," he said, referring to the huge, peaceful march and assembly at the front of the Capitol, the week before Mayday.

Another school of demonstration thought used a historical approach. It argued that radicals are indeed a vanguard, leading liberals and moderates along the route of protest and perception that eventually could result in major reform, if not revolutionary change in the nation. Way back in 1965, the first mass peace demonstration organized by Students for a Democratic Society, was broken up by police as it headed for the Capitol. Within less than two years, liberals and moderates were out marching with the radicals in similar protest marches, which by then the government tolerated. Similarly, the argument went, the nonviolent, activist tactics of Mayday could well be legitimized in a few years as a mode of protest acceptable to liberals and moderates.

An allied point of view contended that while Mayday failed in its announced objective of stopping the govern-

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ment from functioning, it seriously disrupted the criminal justice system and showed the public the fragility under stress of America's cherished system of laws and rights. The use of mass arrests for the purpose of detaining demonstrators and removing them from the streets, and the use of confinement in inhumane conditions as a method of pretrial punishment, should demonstrate, according to this analysis, that government repression is a fact of life that can affect all people at a moment's notice. This viewpoint is in line with the basic revolutionary rationale that widespread support for radical change will come only when the government is made to overreact in an oppressive manner that touches all strata of society.

At best, it is hazardous to predict which way the peace and radical movement will turn as a result of Mayday. Events, like the killings at Kent State, the invasion of Cambodia and other Indochina war decisions—and not decisions by the movement—are the operative forces. One can safely predict, however, that while there probably will be more April 24 demonstrations, a component of mass civil disobedience is now a major new force to be reckoned with. □

REVOLUTION FROM WITHIN

The Public Worker Transforms Labor

WILLIAM L. ABBOTT
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The public worker—all those who work for government at whatever level—has started a new American revolution. It began about when the blacks were organizing to demand first-class citizenship, when President Kennedy legitimized unions in the federal government, and when communities everywhere were compelled to hire enormous numbers of people to try to solve their accelerating problems. Men entered the teaching profession in increasing numbers, determined to make it a lifetime career. They joined forces with women of a new generation, more independent-minded and ready to fight for their rights.

If Negroes were second-class citizens, what was to be said of the millions of whites in government service, many of them college-trained? They were denied the right of helping to determine the policies and conditions under which they worked. In Alabama they had no rights at all, and in half the states their right to form an organization to represent them at the Statehouse or City Hall was not even on the statute books. Self-determination spurred both black and white workers in the public sector to militant collective action.

That alone may not constitute a revolution, but in order to win rights so long denied them, public workers are asking for the reform of education, welfare and other government systems, and that should force structural changes within governing units. A union by its very nature must strive to force a basic shift from the absolute power that government has exerted over its employees to a power shared between the working staff and the policy makers. In all probability, that will bestow new leadership on communities that are now mindlessly answering alarms, trying to stamp out one crisis after another in the fast spreading urban brush fire. That does constitute a revolution.

As is the case with all social upheavals, a general cry has gone up against this unexpected show of militancy from a previously servile quarter. Opinion makers cite the obvious danger to health and safety occasioned by strikes in sensitive areas, and they point to skyrocketing government costs which must be paid for by increased taxes.

During the New York police protest of last January, *The Christian Science Monitor* said that "the terrible financial bind in which the cities find themselves makes it hard, if not impossible, to meet all the policemen's demands, however fair these may seem when viewed against today's general wage level." No matter how just the cause, even the best-intentioned city officials feel unable to meet their employees' demands.

Philadelphia threatens to lay off 10 per cent of its work force for lack of funds. Cleveland sees no future for many of its employees, unless a city income tax is passed. Property taxes, the traditional source of local revenue, are so high that they pre-empt more than 10 per cent of the income of some 3 million households. Between 1953-63, state and local government debt rose 160 per cent; during 1970 it soared above 300 per cent.

An exploding population that increasingly concentrates in urban areas requires an enormous increase of government services and a parallel increase of government workers. In 1953, there were 4.5 million state and local government employees; by 1970 there were 12 million, and the estimate for 1975 is 15 million.

The new government worker often enters new professions like urban redevelopment or the Model Cities program, and the older fields of service are finding that they now need professional skills. Police departments, for example, seek college graduates. And men or women with degrees, while they may not expect to grow rich in government employment, do feel entitled to an adequate standard of living and a respect for their professionalism. Instead, they discover themselves the peasants of the nation's work force, underpaid and pushed around by politicians and citizens alike.

Other depressed groups had taken the lead in active confrontation with the authorities. Police, acting as en-

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forcers of the *status quo,* then bore the brunt of these assaults on the established order. This was particularly true in New York City where schoolteachers, a group with whom the police could identify, for they too were on the public payroll, were ready to go to jail for their convictions. They challenged the law and they won! In 1971, the police recalled the success of the teachers. The city seemed to respond only to mass pressure. The police joined the rebellion.

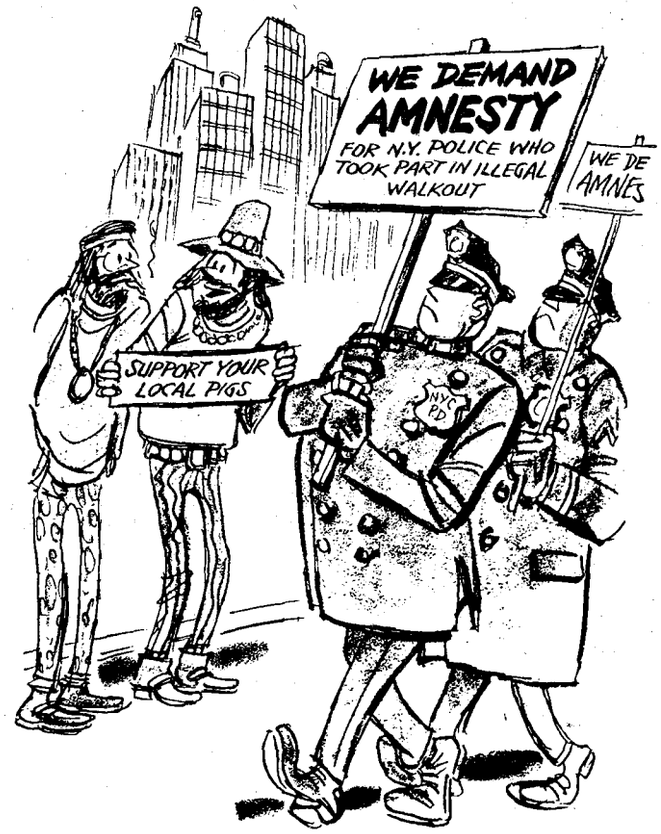
It is too late to argue whether or not the revolution should occur. Even the conservative National Education Association has reversed itself on the question of public employee activism. At the 1961 NEA convention, delegates passed a resolution condemning strikes in the public sector and opposing collective bargaining for teachers. They advocated instead a "consensus" among teachers and boards of education. In 1969, however, NEA's executive secretary, Samuel M. Lambert, proposed legislation to legalize strikes in the field of education. In the previous year there had been 114 teacher work stoppages involving 163,000 people in twenty-one states and the District of Columbia. Today, a strike of public employees takes place about every three days.

Memberships of government unions have exploded. The American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) lumbered along at 150,000 members in 1957. Today it stands well over half a million. The American Federation of Teachers (AFT) stagnated at 50,000 for years; its recently stated figure of 213,000 members is already out of date. The American Federation of Government Employees jumped from 64,000 members in 1957 to about 300,000 in 1970.

The states of Hawaii and Pennsylvania have passed comprehensive and liberal collective bargaining laws for public workers that would have been considered out of the question by most experts as recently as the early part of 1970. Six other states have enacted passable collective bargaining laws. These are significant cracks in the dam holding back the union tide. More important is the air of excitement inside those unions, determined to bargain within the law or despite it.

The public worker has rebelled to improve his own condition, but by so doing he will also change the ways of government. About 70 per cent of us live in 212 metropolitan areas. There are 81,000 units of government in the nation. Try to match the large urban regions with the plethora of governmental units and it becomes obvious that something is terribly wrong. For example, a multitude of units surround the city of Chicago. Most of these local governments raise money for police and fire protection, for town officials and for a host of services that neighboring units also provide. Meanwhile the core city is burdened with increased costs, while its middle-class tax base moves to the suburbs.

In 1966, Chicago social workers sought to bargain with some government in the area and were told to go elsewhere by each unit they approached. Illinois has no collective bargaining law and therefore no assignment of responsibility. Were the social workers to deal with the Cook County Civil Service Commission or the Department of Public Aid? The DPA was financed by city, county, state and federal funds. For what purpose was each fund used? Who was the person empowered to deal with a union of social workers? The mayor? The governor? The legislature? The federal government? Where did the county fit in? Who was "management"?



Herblock (The Washington Post)
"Man, They're Really Getting With It"

The union not only asked for a salary increase and medical benefits; it wanted the DPA to distribute a union handbook informing welfare recipients of their rights under the law and it asked for a procedure to get welfare checks quickly to those in dire need of them. But how could such action be taken if those presumably in charge of welfare felt this was not within their particular purview? And the grievance procedure demanded by the union directly threatened Mayor Daley's political machine, for if patronage employees were given the right to file grievances, the Democratic Party would lose its control over them.

That was the web of local government the union sought to unravel. While some individual industrial unions offered help, the Chicago Federation of Labor was too closely tied to the system to give the new union any real aid. The same was true of the professional Negro leaders. Lacking support from any powerful source the social workers were defeated.

Yet, some points had been made. In order to bargain effectively, the union would first have to do something about the complex of overlapping governmental units that allowed everyone to dodge final responsibility. The public employee as well as the taxpayer and the recipient of service were all being cheated in this grotesque maze. Also, by trying to bargain for the benefit of their clients,

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social workers sought reforms in the welfare system. This new turn in collective bargaining has become fairly typical of public employee unions composed of professionals.

Milwaukee's former mayor, Frank P. Zeidler, feels that unions may well bring about governmental reforms where other efforts have failed. Collective bargaining agreements will cover geographical areas encompassing a number of units. If public workers come together to make their demands, public employers will have to unite as well. No small municipality will stand a chance against large unions with enough resources to support their members almost indefinitely. For their part, unions cannot afford to exhaust themselves fighting battles on numerous fronts. In the private sector an international union usually tries to deal first with a large, pace-setting corporation. Once that major agreement is reached, the precedent makes bargaining with the smaller independents easier for both labor and management.

Collective bargaining costs money and if localities are to reach satisfactory agreements with the unions they will have to consolidate their funds. That would be an extremely important step toward a metropolitan government possessed of order, efficiency and economy to a degree virtually unknown today.

The public will benefit in other ways. If the union asks for a salary increase, it will be obliged to examine the budget and point out where cuts can be made. One union proposal for thrift is to do away with patronage. District #37 of AFSCME is currently protesting New York City's "$75 million consultant wasteland." The union charges that Mayor Lindsay is squandering huge sums of money on outside consultants who make countless studies, many of which are of little practical worth and could in any case be handled adequately by persons already on the payroll.

This practice of hiring outsiders to do work which might properly be assigned to those already on the payroll throws a different sort of light on the spoils system. In the past, the spoils system was seen by the public as a way to pay off debts to men who were politically useful but otherwise of dubious ability. To a degree, this has been slander. There have always been many dedicated and competent men in public service. "If you can't do, teach," is a sneering dismissal, but civilization is based upon handing down knowledge. It is true, however, that too often in the past government employment was based more on a man's ability to deliver votes than on his skill at performing a public service.

Thus the myth of professional incompetency among public employees survives and is used to justify a sophisticated version of the spoils system by assuming that outside consultants must be hired to "help" public workers do their job or that "successful men" from the private sector must be placed over them. An abundance of citizens' committees and commissions are also an inexpensive way to pay off the establishment faithful; with few exceptions, they rubber-stamp the predetermined conclusions of the chief executive. How many civil rights activists are appointed to civic unity committees investigating local race relations?

"Successful people" in the private world make recommendations for those "unsuccessful" government workers to carry out. Yet, who should know the day-to-day problems a city must confront better than those who constantly deal with them? The union becomes a professional association where those on the firing line can make their own evaluation of civic problems and thrash out programs for solving them. If we really are a practical people, it would seem prudent to let voices of the experienced be heard.

The goal of the new unionism is to share power with the government, and the announcement of that goal produces consternation. Al Bilik, assistant to AFSCME president, Jerry Wurf, wrote in the *Ohio State Law Journal*: "Scratch any employer, public or private, and you reveal a man at once possessive of his prerogatives, fearful of interference from any source—especially the Federal Government—sensitive to criticism, and personally affronted by the unionization of 'his' employees." Bilik feels that the equalizer in the power struggle will be a federal Wagner Act for public workers. His union, together with the AFL-CIO, has drawn up a model bill which will be presented to Congress. It is patterned after the 1970 Hawaii Public Employee Collective Bargaining Act, although it differs in its strike provisions from the state law. Hawaii's legislation permits any public employee to strike, but only after he has exhausted a mediation and voluntary arbitration mechanism which includes a cooling-off period. The proposed federal law would ban strikes for the duration of the collective bargaining agreement.

In a provocative essay in the June 18, 1969 *Christian Century*, theologian James Luther Adams offers the proposition that there are two kinds of power—"power over" and "power with." He calls the latter "authentic power" where there are clearly defined just ends and means promoted by the group aspiring to power. In the union contract, workers take away some of management's absolute power over them to get more job control and other benefits. Collective bargaining splits power between two more or less equal powers.

For years social psychologists and management consultants saw employee-employer disputes as a disease. If workers were unhappy, it was because they were maladjusted, and good social engineering on management's part would make them mentally healthy. Paternalism created the modern personnel department—and the civil service commissions—whose goal was to integrate employees into the existing work system.

The union maintained that the worker's yearning for more self-determination was already healthy, and that if his working conditions caused resentment then these conditions were at fault rather than he. The two clashing points of view made certain a conflict which could, if played according to a set of rules, disclose underlying discontent and thus make progress toward a readjustment of relations between the managed and the manager. The National Labor Relations Board attempted with its mediation services to guide industrial conflict into constructive channels. The government employee feels that if the idea works fairly well in the private sector, it should work as well for him. But failure to recognize the legitimacy of conflict within the public sector has led to a

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large number of strikes that are called just to gain the right to collective bargaining.

The workers' right to strike is conceded almost universally today—the exception being the public worker, whose refusal to work is seen, often correctly, as a threat to the public health and safety. An overwhelming majority of labor relations authorities consider such actions intolerable. Prof. George W. Taylor, who served as chairman of the New York Governor's Committee on Public Employee Relations, argued that a strike against the government subordinated the public welfare to a special interest group. The final authority to settle a collective bargaining impasse must always rest with the government —that is to say, with the employer.

A somewhat different view was expressed by Michigan State's Jack Stieber who made the following point for strikers:

> . . . unions and even associations, which in principle reject the strike weapon, have found that it often brings quick and rewarding results. Furthermore, they have learned that the risks are not great, despite the severe penalties which may be legally imposed upon strikers. This, coupled with the belief that some public employers are unwilling to engage in genuine collective bargaining except under the threat or actuality of a strike, and the absence of alternative methods of resolving disputes, has undoubtedly contributed to the growing incidence of government strikes in recent years and will do so as long as the situation remains unchanged.

The fact of the matter is that no government can stop a strike of its workers short of sending in the Army to sort mail or to pick up the garbage. No good purpose is served by throwing public workers in jail. When AFT president, David Seldon, went to jail it only strengthened the determination of the teachers to win their struggle. Even the most enormous of fines against striking unions get paid. And short of a strike, ever more sophisticated and ingenious protest tactics have been developed for hanging a bureaucracy with its own regulations.

One intriguing question is what will happen to the American labor movement if it is swamped by public workers? A top-ranking AFL-CIO official privately remarked: "We are in danger of being taken over. The government union people feel they know all the answers but they really know nothing about our traditions. We will never be the same again."

To judge just how alarming the rise of the government worker may be to the old-time building trades leader who has long dominated city central labor bodies, consider his identification with the construction industry, which often comes into conflict with city planners and ecologists. The more housing and industrial developments, the more jobs for his members. Many industrial unions want to bring new industry into their localities, to help those of their people displaced by automation. Managements and the industrial unionists have at times made common cause against those opposing such developments as a threat to the conservation of the environment.

American labor has always been conservative locally and liberal nationally (except on foreign policy). A survey of 100 leaders in the Rubber Workers union showed that as he moved up the union ladder, the leader became more enthusiastic about civil rights and liberties and general social reform. But these evolving labor liberals also became more oriented to the national scene, leaving the locality to their more conservative juniors.

A study of "Steelport" in western Pennsylvania after 1937, when the CIO's Political Action Committee swept the municipal election of that city of 50,000 population, concluded that there was practically no difference in policy between the new labor government and the business faction just ousted. A few working-class faces began to appear in a power structure which otherwise remained intact.

The CIO Community Services program taught the common man to give for health and welfare. Before World War II there were fewer than 100 labor representatives on health and welfare boards throughout the nation. Today, there are well over 80,000 of them. United Funds have been bountifully enriched by contributions from organized workers, which the unions instituted.

But the effect of community services has been to entrench the health and welfare *status quo* on the local level, for labor's goals have been to get into the system, not to make fundamental social changes. There are some innovative exceptions like the Appalachian program spearheaded by West Virginia unionist, Miles Stanley, and community action in Watts where a number of industrial unions are trying to bring about basic reforms; but in most urban areas labor has tagged along with the decisions made by the business structure. The Detroit labor movement, which uses UAW staffers to help formulate municipal programs, is rare; more often than not there is simply no program. In Colorado, where leadership was forthcoming, the head of the state AFL-CIO, Herrick Roth, was an AFT member. Other scattered attempts at prodding labor into developing local issues have been made by university faculty members who are also members of the teachers' union.

The rise of the government worker will change labor's community orientation. In the past, local labor officials have usually pinned their tails to the Democratic donkey and when the party gained power they ate at the patronage trough. Government unions, almost by definition, exist to question whoever is in power. Their emphasis on professionalism—the idea that the professional should have an important voice in determining the policies within his field of interest—strikes at the very heart of political patronage.

Issue-oriented politics will begin to replace the old politics of personality, for units within the new unions will press for state and local reform within their respective fields. Politicians will have to answer the issues raised by labor, whereas today labor usually lets the politician determine the issues. More responsible positions will be publicly taken, for in order to win over the taxpayer, government unions must try to involve him in their causes. The Baltimore AFT called public meetings to ask citizens to help the union develop its program. It is obvious that the public should be consulted about government operations, but the weakness of official citizens' committees or commissions has been that the chief execu-

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tive usually selects his supporters or organization officers to sit on them. A union can call on any number of people who have genuine contributions to make, but who, because they lack a power base or are in the wrong political faction, are never asked by government for their advice.

Challenged by the new unionism, the old unionism will be forced to look deeper into its own concern for saving jobs or providing work for its displaced members. The old argument between the economically secure individual ("Why can't workers look at the long-range benefits to the nation which come with free trade, automation or good environmental practices?") and the insecure worker ("What good are these things if they put me out of a job?") will have to be squarely faced at labor council meetings everywhere. If the old unions are going to support ecology, the ecologists will have to fight for full employment.

How can we be sure the government unions will so assert themselves? The drop in union membership in the private sector has been from 25 per cent of the work force a decade ago to less than 23 per cent. Meanwhile, public worker unions enjoy a soaring increase in members. This reshuffling of power will renovate the House of Labor. It will never be the same again. □

LATIN AMERICAN PROSPECTS

THE DESPERATION OF CALCUTTA

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Mexico City

In 1969, on the occasion of a Conference on Agrarian Reform held in the Philippines, I visited the perplexing countries of Southeast Asia, making what might be termed a professional pilgrimage to Calcutta, since I was driven by the feeling that an economist concerned with food should also be familiar with hunger.

Calcutta affords the opportunity to see large-scale misery in its full harshness. At night, its broad sidewalks become public dormitories, heaped with thousands of emaciated men, women, old people and children, as in Mexico vacationists pack the beaches of Acapulco during Holy Week. The poor of Calcutta lack the most elementary belongings, owning neither pillow, mattress nor blanket; their bodies stink and are covered by soiled rags. At dawn, before the city awakens, carts collect the corpses of those who have died in the night.

I at once realized that the misery of Calcutta was quite familiar to me. Hungry, ragged human beings were no novelty, since they are a standard part of the landscape in Mexico, Bolivia, Peru and Brazil, countries I know well. What moved me in Calcutta was the overwhelming proportions of its misery. I then remembered Lincoln Steffens and decided to paraphrase him. I bought postcards showing Bengal tigers and the Taj Mahal, and wrote: "I have been to the future and it doesn't work," and mailed them to friends in Latin America.

The probability that within thirty years social conditions in Latin America will resemble those of Calcutta today is not farfetched. Only profound changes in Latin America's economic and social structures could prevent this and, judging from the past, it is more probable that Latin Americans will arrive at the Malthusian impasse of Calcutta than that they will effect the necessarily painful transformations to avoid sinking into the waiting abyss.

According to United Nations estimates, the population of Latin America in the year 2000 will be 640 million persons. The migration from country to city will continue with ever growing intensity until the bulk of the population is concentrated in urban areas which, with certain

Vadillo—Siempre, Mexico

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differences of local color, will become a Dantesque replica of present-day Calcutta.

To forestall this nightmare, two options are open to us—both of them seemingly distasteful to the ruling elites, local and foreign. One is the proposal of Robert S. McNamara, president of the World Bank, in his recent address to the Board of Governors, in Copenhagen:

> There are thousands of clinical facilities to be established; hundreds of thousands of staff workers to be recruited, trained and organized in the administration of the vast national programs; hundreds of millions of families to be informed and served; and well over one billion births to be averted in the developing world alone, if, for example, by the year 2000 the present birth rate of 40 per 1,000 population were to be reduced to 20 per 1,000. What we must understand is that even if an average family size of two children per couple is achieved, the population will continue to grow for an additional 65 or 70 years and the ultimate stabilized level will be far greater than at the time the two per couple is achieved.

This proposal was rejected by the Latin American delegates with florid indignation. Though I am myself indifferent to the moral and religious considerations that moved most of the delegates to reject birth control, I must admit that I find it extremely difficult to envisage the lame, contraceptive world that would ensue from McNamara's prescription. Besides dispensing family-planning instructions, what else would governments do?

The other option is to incorporate Latin America rapidly into the 20th century by introducing such basic structural reforms as those undertaken by Mexico more than fifty years ago, by China twenty-one years ago, and by Cuba ten years ago; that is to say, by effective and radical agrarian reform, followed by the swift modernization of agriculture, by massive nationalization of foreign-owned oil, mining interests and public utilities, by education at all levels, and by industrialization at unprecedented rates. Only such shifts of income and power would allow the economic growth rates of the 1960-70 decade, which were less than 2 per cent yearly per capita, to double, and permit as well the productive use of the 60 per cent of the labor force that is now unemployed or engaged in unproductive services. Only thus can income be redistributed in a way which will raise average consumption and capital formation. It now stands at an average $400 per capita per year in real terms, but is shared so inequitably that, whereas 5 per cent of the population gets $2,500 a year, one-half of the population receives less than $120.

However, the political feasibility of this option is questionable. Given the present mood in the United States, if Latin America were really to reach for it, the attempt might misfire into several Vietnams. As things stand now, by rejecting McNamara's modest proposal, most of Latin America confronts a future that will resemble Calcutta. □

THE C-5A

ANOTHER FLIGHT OF FANCY

PETER D. H. STOCKTON and BARBARA NEWMAN

Mr. Stockton is on the staff of Rep. William S. Moorhead; Miss Newman is a correspondent for National Public Radio.

The most unfortunate result of the publicity surrounding the recent spate of billion-dollar cost overruns on major military weapons systems is that it has numbed public outrage against continued or increasing waste and inefficiency. The recent General Accounting Office report that overruns on sixty-one selected weapons systems (F-111, C-5A, Minuteman, etc.) totaled an astounding $33.4 billion received scant press coverage. Late last month, the announcement by Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.) and Rep. William S. Moorhead (D., Pa.) that the beleaguered Air Force C-5A, the giant cargo plane, was unable to meet its major tactical mission because of severe technical deficiencies fell on deaf ears. The C-5A story, although not yet over, is old hat to the press which has already reported the $2 billion overrun and the financial tribulations of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, the plane's prime contractor. Unfortunately, there are many aspects of the C-5A saga that still need to be made public, for the Pentagon is about to bail out Lockheed to the tune of $1 billion, although the plane is so beset by technical difficulties that it can no longer be justified as essential to the national security. During the long debate on the C-5A, the Air Force has consistently assured the Congress that, however much the plane was overrunning its cost, it would not only meet but would *exceed* its contract specifications. But in March a GAO investigation of the plane's performance data blew holes in this bit of Pentagon deception by concluding that "existing deficiencies (in the wings, avionics and landing gear) restrict the aircraft to performance of its basic cargo mission in that it cannot perform its tactical mission until such time as certain deficiencies are corrected." The tactical mission of the C-5A requires that the plane, carrying such outsized cargo as howitzers, tanks and helicopters, be able to land and take off from unimproved or dirt runways, and thus supply troops in battle areas.

In April 1968, *Air Force Magazine* boasted that the plane "can land and take off up to 130 times on primitive support airfields, with or without matting, before the strip has to be repaired. Actually the strip needs to be no firmer than the average lawn." Unfortunately, this is not so. The GAO reported that "The aircraft has been restricted to hard surface runways. Flight tests on unimproved runways have caused damage to jet engines, matted runways and the aircraft. These tests subsequently

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were discontinued." In addition, the Air Force recently told Congressman Moorhead that in a matting test, the C-5A rolled up the mesh runway right behind it. Not only is the unimproved landing field capability gone but it appears that the landing gear itself is in serious trouble.

Another much touted feature of the C-5A was its unique ability to kneel down like a camel for fast off-loading. This capability is also a myth. The GAO found that "Nose landing gear kneeling system failures are serious, persistent, and cause serious damage to components and structure." In addition the wing, which cracked in a static test, is still beset by problems.

The Pentagon has never publicized these technical deficiencies. It is interesting that the GAO had to investigate the technical performance status of the C-5A without Pentagon help. In fact, the official Department of Defense reporting form, the Selected Acquisition Report (SAR), on the C-5A conveniently eliminated any mention of technical problems. The GAO reported that the SAR "does not disclose any of the aircraft's technical problems, such as inoperable avionics, subsystems, landing gear deficiencies, wing design deficiency, and an 80 per cent operational restriction. . . . The SAR did not show that a C-5A aircraft was severely damaged during the year because of a fire at Palmdale, Calif." This C-5A was subsequently junked, along with another C-5A totally destroyed in a second fire that broke out after the SAR was published. One fire was caused by a design fault; the other is to date unexplained.

When Congressman Moorhead, as far back as September 1969, warned of the technical deficiencies on the C-5A, he was subjected to widespread ridicule as a modern-day Cassandra. Sen. Barry Goldwater, a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee and an unfailing champion of the military, stated: "It taxes the credulity of members of Congress to first, believe that a company as large and important and responsible as Lockheed would deliberately turn over to the Air Force for operational purposes a plane so faulty that its wings might drop off, and second, that the Air Force would be so stupid that it would accept a plane without thoroughgoing tests of its operational capabilities, and a full and complete understanding of any bugs that might exist in the plane."

Members of Congress may indeed have shared Senator Goldwater's admiring confidence in Lockheed, but the fact is that, to the amazement of even dutiful supporters of the Pentagon, the Air Force has been routinely procuring technically deficient C-5As, in violation of common sense and of standard commercial practices. No commercial airline ever pays for a deficient product, and the reason why the Air Force does so is interesting. According to the GAO, "The delayed acceptance . . . would also have had an unfavorable financial impact on Lockheed at a time when Lockheed's financial ability to complete the program was in jeopardy. Additional costs would have been incurred by Lockheed in correcting the deficiencies, with full payment of the billing price of each aircraft deferred until aircraft acceptance." This seems to mean that the C-5A is a WPA project, designed to sustain the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

The original C-5A contract, which is about to be junked, specifically stipulates that Lockheed shall correct all deficiencies *at no cost to the government*; but if the technical shortcomings of the plane are ever made good, the American taxpayer will foot the bill. Under the new, bail-out contract, says the GAO, "the Air Force will bear the cost of the corrections of these deficiencies. . . . Some deficiencies likely will not be corrected because of budget constraints or because additional costs involved would be excessive in relationship to the added utility."

Meanwhile, aside from technical problems, costs have been soaring. In the last eight months, the price tag on a C-5A has risen by $2.4 million; each plane now costs $59.4 million. Thus, in the six years of the C-5A program, the cost per plane has more than doubled from the $28 million estimate in the original contract. Critics of the C-5A have wondered why it costs $60 million, when Boeing's 747, with almost identical capabilities—except that it flies—costs only $23 million. The Air Force has answered by boasting of the marvelous landing capabilities of the C-5A, which do not now exist and, according to the GAO, probably never will.

Basing his request on these facts, Congressman Moorhead has asked Chairman Hébert of the House Armed Services Committee to terminate the C-5A program next month. By then, the Air Force will own forty-two C-5As. (The total program calls for eighty-one, to be produced by 1972.) Even if the C-5A could perform its tactical mission, the Air Force's Whittaker C-5A report has admitted that only forty of them are needed. It had been thought originally that the additional C-5As would perform routine cargo functions and that, as costs were highest for the first batch of planes, it would be good business to get more than were needed for the special missions. However, with the tactical prowess of the planes in greatest doubt, and with the huge per unit rise in price, this reasoning no longer holds. In fact, the cost of the plane has reached the point where the ton-mile rates are higher than those offered to the government by commercial carriers. If the C-5A were terminated at the end of this fiscal year, at least $1 billion could be saved.

But despite the indisputable evidence that the C-5A cannot perform its special job, despite the Air Force's admission that it needs only forty C-5As to meet its requirements for outsize cargo, and despite the outrageous costs, there is little hope of terminating the C-5A program at forty-two planes.

Congress, so jealous of its prerogatives, accepts short shrift from the Pentagon. To date, it has been denied any access to proposed alternatives to the direct Lockheed bail-out; Deputy Defense Secretary David Packard says he has analyzed and rejected them. Did the Pentagon, for example, adequately examine the possibility of selling off divisions of Lockheed for needed cash? Did it examine the prospects for a merger? Did it bring itself to utter that forbidden word, bankruptcy? A staff member of the House Appropriations Committee stated that Secretary Packard argued that bankruptcy could not be regarded as a possible option, because even to speak of it might cause a chain-reaction collapse of other large aero-

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space firms—the "domino theory" of the defense industry.

The government's desire to rescue Lockheed is so great that it now appears that we shall also bail out the corporation's commercial headache, the L-1011. Early in May, the Administration asked Congress to guarantee $250 million in private bank loans so that Lockheed can complete work on its commercial plane. This plan is repugnant even to other defense contractors, such as General Electric and Boeing, who have publicly questioned the practice in light of its impact on the free enterprise system. Lockheed's ability to repay the banks is highly questionable. The "domino theory" was used last year when the Transportation Department warned ominously that if the Congress failed to cough up $200 million in loan guarantees to keep Penn Central solvent, the rest of the nation's railroads would similarly fall into bankruptcy. Congress rejected this argument and somehow the railroads continued to run. It should be noted that in Congressional hearings last year, Gordon Rule, the top Navy procurement officer, bluntly stated that bankruptcy of a defense contractor might be the discipline the industry needed.

Among other things that Congress does not know about the Lockheed bail-out is the real financial health of the firm. What risk would the government take in committing the $1 billion to Lockheed? Would the company then be able to provide all eighty-one planes without another injection of funds? On this point the GAO has proved dismally ineffective. In response to a question from Senator Proxmire and Congressman Moorhead regarding the financial ability of Lockheed to go on producing the C-5A, in view of its precarious cash-flow situation, the GAO published a toothless report using unevaluated Lockheed data and studies of the Defense Contract Audit Agency. The GAO came to the conclusion that the Congress should give Lockheed the $1 billion, but should keep an eye on the corporation to be certain that these funds are not diverted to the L-1011.

The GAO notes that it was stymied in its attempt to prepare a more decisive report by DOD's unwillingness to cooperate. The GAO stated: "We requested officials of the Department of Defense to make available for our review any information on Lockheed's commercial programs. We were informed that, although the Department did have certain financial information pertaining to Lockheed, it could not be made available to us since the information had been furnished to the Department in confidence and on the basis that it would not be made public." The Pentagon's protective attitude toward Lockheed is evidenced by this inexcusable act of accepting crucial information on a confidential basis. If the taxpayers are committing $1 billion to Lockheed, they or their Congressional Representatives surely have a right to know the financial position of the corporation which is to receive their funds. A billion-dollar decision should be made on hard data and independent analysis, not on Lockheed's own estimates of its financial prospects. Lockheed's past deception is now public record. A Securities and Exchange Commission investigation found concrete evidence that Lockheed management had deliberately misled the Pentagon and cut its bidding price by 10 per cent on the C-5A in order to underbid Boeing and get the original contract. According to the SEC, the

Herblock (The Washington Post)

"The Weapons Don't Work So Well, But the Costs Are Over-Running Right on Schedule."

prevailing looseness of Pentagon procurement encouraged Lockheed to believe that it would recoup any losses through contract change orders and through degradation of technical specifications.

Lockheed got into unaccustomed trouble when it overran the C-5A contract only because A. E. Fitzgerald, a former Air Force management expert, told the Congress of the overrun, thus obliging the Pentagon actually to enforce the contract. As it turned out, the contract was just too tough for Lockheed and the Air Force is about to rip it up. In the Pentagon, a contract is not regarded as a binding document. Secretary Packard told the House Military Operations Subcommittee that "Fixed price doesn't mean a damn thing. If he [the weapons maker] doesn't have the funds, he doesn't finish. I don't see how we can use this [a fixed price contract] on some of these big programs."

The injustice of the Pentagon's standards of contract enforcement is poignantly evident. For while DOD procurement practices protect the rich defense contractors, the tough enforcement of contracts by other governmental agencies force small businessmen into ruin. A small black firm in Pittsburgh is on the verge of bankruptcy because it overran a fixed-price contract with HEW by $22,174. In this case, the GAO did not suggest giving the company bail-out money and keeping an eye on it. In response to an appeal by Congressman Moorhead, it told the company, "You have assumed the responsibility of furnishing the required services at the agreed upon price and the government is not obligated to pay addition-

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al amounts for contract performance solely by reason of difficulties you have experienced in performing the contract. . . . *It is a well settled principle of law that valid contracts are to be enforced and performed as written.* . . . " No one speaks that way to Lockheed.

The current injustices, the waste and inefficiencies in Pentagon procurement, will not be changed unless Congress exhibits an unaccustomed tenacity in reviewing Pentagon requests and demands sufficient information to make rational judgments. The press must also responsibly report the news. After all, Senator Proxmire wrestled with the SST single-handedly for eight years, receiving adequate coverage from the press only when he had marshaled enough force to kill the program—temporarily. □

CANADA AND THE U.S.

Meditations of a Landed Immigrant

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For the past academic year I have been teaching at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia, having entered Canada as a Landed Immigrant last August to accept a permanent position there. Being now just past 50 I am a rather old immigrant. But many Americans still struggle with the question of immigration to Canada or elsewhere, and my experiences and observations so far may be of some use to them. Of course, the Canadian option is shrinking as rising unemployment and nationalism act as barriers to immigration and as abuses of civil liberty, like the invocation of the War Measures Act and the measures that followed from it, tarnish the country's appeal to the counter-culture. Canada is nevertheless still very different from the United States.

Canada has a legitimate government. This matters even more than I had expected; it affects every aspect of experience. Though there is certainly a net gain, living in a land with a legitimate government is hard for an American to get used to, and involves certain spiritual disadvantages. Legitimacy has a chilling effect on the psyche. An American, on becoming part of Canada's social and political scene, may feel rather as Alice would on going to take tea at Claridge's after accustoming herself to the mores of Wonderland. Though both the tea and the service are immeasurably better, it is still hard to accept the confidence of the management and the other guests that what they are doing is meaningful and that they themselves are real.

Conflict, dissent, discontent, even oppression—all are to be found in Canada, but they have an utterly different quality than in the United States. Quebec separatists undoubtedly feel, and with reason, that they have been made the victims of ruthless countermeasures. And the economic discrimination against what Vallières calls the "white niggers" of Quebec is comparable to that now directed against blacks in the States. But those who hold power in a national state always suppress threats of secession if they can, and may be expected—almost by definition—to use their power to maintain status inequities until their former victims make the costs too high. At that point—now I think being reached with respect to gross ethnic inequity in both countries—co-optation operates more effectively than exclusion to preserve existing institutional arrangements, and opportunities are opened up.

The current Canadian crises, then, like the American black-white conflict, appear to me to be the kinds of difficulties that an establishment can solve without much alteration in life style, or in anything else except the distribution of rewards within the system. This latter, considering the condition of the North American urban poor, may be a matter of life and death for millions, and I certainly don't mean to minimize it. But such conflicts, however severe, do not produce a crisis in legitimacy because they challenge no fundamental values. To perceive the plight of the Quebecois as economic rather than cultural is not to diminish its importance, but does suggest that it is not likely to blow the society into irreconcilable fragments. There must have been many Anglo-Saxons resident in Britain who felt in 1066 as many Quebecois now do about the threat to their culture; but the fact remains that, over a millennium the French and British have failed to destroy each other on many different occasions, though each exploits the other when it can.

Even the bitterest social conflict in Canada lacks the elements of cynicism and black humor that enliven American confrontations. Canadian journals of criticism and dissent like *The Last Post, The Fourth Estate* or *The Mysterious East* maintain a tone of earnest indignation no longer found in the U.S. underground press. Their editors clearly assume, and are writing for readers who assume, that there still exist powerful social norms of justice and compassion whose continued transgression may not be tolerated; and that something is accomplished just by making the truth public. The hip, rueful, sardonic approach to public problems is, in Canada, more likely to be found in a *government* publication like the official report of the Davey Commission of the Canadian Senate on the press and the mass media, the first volume of which is a masterpiece of rather donnish but biting humor. Correspondingly, when the Prime Minister does something ridiculous or contemptible, public criticism sounds a very different note from that directed against President Nixon in the United States; it must, I should think, be harder to bear. Canadian attackers tend to assume that a Prime Minister should be able to behave better than that, and that if Mr. Trudeau continues to act ruthlessly and unscrupulously, he may be replaced by a more trustworthy

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public servant. Very few of Mr. Nixon's critics suppose him capable of anything better—or that any other American who might behave more honorably or compassionately could ever become President; or that the office would allow him to behave decently if he did. I don't think so either; but here in Canada I am rather curious to see what Mr. Stanfield would be like as Prime Minister.

Nor can I imagine that an American Presidential commission would ever go around the country, as the LeDane Commission has done, taking evidence publicly from all comers on "The Non-Medical Use of Drugs" and patiently arguing with the more fanatical; or come up with a report as sane and tolerant. And it seems clear from the fate of the report of the Scranton Commission that it would be repudiated if it did. The LeDane Commission report also ran into mild political flak; the government delayed its release for a short time and it does not recommend fully legalizing marijuana, though that would seem to be a reasonable step to take on the basis of its findings. What it does do is dispel the paranoia and render it faintly *déclassé*—still an effective political stroke in Canada.

None of this implies that the Canadian social climate is less oppressive than that of the United States. It is more oppressive, but less punitive. Constraints are more fully internalized, and that includes the norms governing social conflict. Even before the War Measures Act was invoked, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had more freedom of action than does the FBI. Since its powers were assigned while much of Canada was still a wilderness, it is not required to have a warrant to search a car or a house in areas where there are no local police; and there are many such. Nova Scotia has no Provincial Force, and the RCMP patrols the highways. Canadian functionaries like customs men and even messengers are more likely to be smartly uniformed than in the United States; so that despite the war in Indochina you see more uniforms around in Canada. But it still seems less like a police state, because the presence of authority is accepted as dull-normal; it does not occasion ego trips in others, and seldom in the authorities. I have seen the name of the director of the mounted police in print several times, associated with public attitudes that would not distress J. Edgar Hoover; but I simply do not recall it. He has never become a public hero. The Premier of Nova Scotia, a decent liberal, is rather ironically named Regan; otherwise I might not know that, either. Government is like plumbing: it is assumed to be necessary (nobody at all recognizes that this assumption is ethnocentric), creates shocking messes when it malfunctions, and is the subject of time-honored jokes. Its chief function, however, as in every country, is to make sure that the mess, when it occurs, is neatly and swiftly removed from areas of higher status and distributed over lower ones.

I have no faith whatever in official institutions, though I enjoy the convenience they afford higher status members of society, so Canadian addiction to legitimacy really puts me off. I have come to see the routines of academic life as intolerably absurd—and destructive to education; but they are deadly serious to most Canadian academics, whom I find even more anxiously careerist than their American counterparts—perhaps because the university and society seem more likely to survive long enough to make a career possible. When protest does occur it is apt to be so heavy and solemn politically as to replicate the pomposity it is directed against. Dalhousie's few radicals tend to style themselves Maoist; such haughty beauties rather move aversion than inspire our love. One would like to emulate, on a small scale, the Dauphin in *Henry V* and send them a sardonic gift of Ping-Pong balls.

An excessive commitment to established institutions is especially destructive in the Department of Education of a university, which is where I teach, since it leads to a somewhat insolent rejection of scholarship—and in a Canadian university, that is not supposed to happen. Current scholarly evidence leaves little doubt that the schools impede education and are supported partly because they do so and partly because they are an effective social mechanism for the distribution of status. That is as true in Canada as in the United States or anywhere else; and the Canadian contribution to the scholarship on which this inference is based has been correspondingly great. Americans are more familiar with James Herndon, John Holt, or Peter Marin; but the best education journal in North America, and the oldest to be devoted primarily to educational alternatives (which publishes all of the above and many others, Canadian and American) is published in Toronto. *This Magazine is About Schools*, moreover, was started and is edited by two former Haligonians and Dalhousie graduates, George Martell and Bob Davis. But my impression is that very few of my colleagues—staff or student—in the Department of Education regard current criticism of the schools as worth much attention, except as it may constitute a threat to their careers in the schools that exist. Younger teachers and education students in the United States are, I think, by this time inclined to be less servile, but this may be sampling error.

When they feel their faith in legitimacy betrayed, however—and this sense is surely growing—Canadian students become intensely and actively antagonistic, and very effectively so. *The University Game*, which is also the title of an excellent Canadian anthology of essays on higher education, then arouses great and justified indignation. Students have put down with severe derision —or by just not coming—several conferences on improving higher education that I have attended in the past year. Though well-meaning, these had been faculty-planned, and were received as illustrations of just what they were supposed to deplore. And in the small town of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, a Roman Catholic university, St. Francis Xavier, closed early for the academic year and allowed its students to take final examinations by post, after a benighted attempt to expel a student for encouraging other students to ignore dormitory intervisitation rules led to a strike that most of the students supported—as well as to a firebombing of the library that they certainly did not. What is lacking is not the capacity for disdain or even revolts but the Yippie sense that society is a circus and its leaders perforce clowns. However outraged they may become at any one bad scene, most Canadian students still plan to accept roles in the performance, which they then perceive as legitimate theatre.

They may be right. The legitimate institutions of society serve the young here—and especially the middle-class

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Chambers—Halifax Herald (Canada)

"And, By Cracky, I Aim to See She Stays That Way!"

young—rather well, at least as compared to U.S. institutions. The government does not draft them, and is discreet in its military involvements. Though public money is getting tight in Canada as in the United States, so far it has been relatively easy to obtain small-scale funding for projects like movie making or publishing poetry or starting a small experimental school. The government is sometimes helpful, and rarely an obstacle. Even to poor Canadians, it is likely to appear helpful rather than deliberately frustrating, since the costs of public service in Canada are usually deducted in advance, like the interest and carrying charges on an overpriced but courteously administered loan. Nova Scotia, for example, has really good free public medical care. Halifax is impacted with huge, well-equipped hospitals that would be thought more than adequate for an American city several times its size. They are as cheerful as casinos; and members of all social classes go there to gamble with their lives. They are supported by a very high—more than 7 per cent—sales tax, which is used solely for this purpose but is still the most regressive kind of tax possible. In Canada, as in the United States, the medical services provided the well-to-do are subsidized by the poor; but under a system that at least includes the poor, and subjects them to no more humiliation than medical technique imposes on us all.

The Canadian Government seems much more responsive than the American in day-to-day dealings; it facilitates ordinary transactions which in the United States become petty annoyances. When I put a reprint destined for Australia into the campus mail, and the people running the mailroom failed to notice the address and put on less than half enough postage, the Post Office did not return it as the U.S. Post Office would have done. Instead, it sent me a card stating that they had transmitted it, and requesting that I send the card back with the required postage due. Had I reneged, the Post Office could not have collected, but Ottawa would have survived. Canadian Post Offices, even tiny ones, sell not only Canadian but U.S. and sterling money orders. All very middle class—and that is just the point. The Canadian Government maintains and contributes to social stratification primarily by subsidizing for higher-status people services that have come to be defined as the legitimate functions of government, and so pass unnoticed. At the same time, it humiliates the poor less than does the American system and provides, along with fewer games in which to get ahead (Washington's wars are wonderful aids to economic mobility), a somewhat higher level of service to really basic needs. When these are threatened, there is real anxiety. Unemployment has been rising in Canada at about the same rate as in the United States—it can do that by increasing at the rate of 100 per day across the Dominion—but it is seen as a much more serious political

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issue. The legitimacy of the Canadian Government depends much more on its power to deliver security than on its ability to open areas of opportunity.

That is changing. Toronto is now said to have more cars per inhabitant than any other city in the world; it has enormous freeways, miles of high-rise apartments, and most of the deficiencies of Los Angeles without the climate. Still, not quite; people stroll its streets with pleasure at any hour; Kensington Market is a scene of diverse ethnic exuberance not to be seen in the United States in the past quarter century. In the Atlantic provinces, some of the many poor are getting vocally tired of goin' down the road to nothing, and complain bitterly and probably accurately that they would have been financially better off in the United States. Here, too, the issue of public schooling is deeply involved. A poor Canadian is far less likely to have finished high school than is an American; therefore, he tends to see the easy availability of schooling as an aid to him in seeking a better life, where an American social critic is apt to see the American insistence on a high school diploma for every job as a way of restricting opportunity to the more heavily socialized and docile poor. But Canadian schools socialize even more heavily than do the American, without giving the working classes nearly as many options in return.

The Canadian working class, by and large, holds the same views as does the American working class. Nearly half the blacks in Canada live in Nova Scotia, though the proportion is diminishing through migration to industrial centers, chiefly Toronto. The black population of the province, then, would be something less than 20,000 out of about 750,000—very high for Canada; and many of these are from families that have been established there for more than a century, having been freed from captured slave ships after Britain outlawed the slave trade. Some were even brought in earlier as slaves. There are a few black professionals, including the Provincial Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, who is also a Queen's Counsel, but there are very few black service personnel in middle ranges. Though it is a government corporation, I have never seen a black ticket agent or stewardess on Air Canada (there are lots of Quebecoise stewardesses to recite the litanies of air travel in French for uncomprehending passengers). And I have heard working-class Nova Scotians put blacks down in meaner and less sophisticated terms than their U.S. counterparts would be likely to risk with an effete, snobbish-looking stranger. The familiar liberal things are being done: Dalhousie has a special program, with an Indian (Asiatic) director, through which a small number of blacks may be tentatively admitted to the university without the usual entrance qualifications—or much hope of earning a degree. There is an underfunded Nova Scotia Civil Rights Commission with a few bright but rather depressed people to staff it; the NSAACP sends comely children to solicit change in Scotia Square—Halifax's fanciest shopping mall—and they are apparently well received. But, for an American, all this is rather like watching a road company of a sentimental show that has run on too long for what it had to say. Fruitful encounter would probably evoke serious hostility in Nova Scotia if it promised blacks a real increment of opportunity.

Attitudes toward the counter-culture are probably about the same in both countries. Lower-middle-class Canadians certainly hate hippies, or think they do. A rock festival scheduled for Prince Edward Island, across Northumberland Strait from Nova Scotia, was canceled on two days' notice early in April, when the provincial legislature rushed through a bill (even the morning news commentators reported it as presumably unconstitutional) empowering the provincial Minister of Justice to forbid in advance any assembly that might threaten public order. However, Prince Edward Island is Canada's smallest, most agrarian and most densely populated province, with neither a large city nor open, unused land; access is provided by two ferries that are subject to interruption by storms. Even if it were not uptight, Charlottetown might have been hard put to give the festival shelter, though the Isle of Wight managed.

But class distinctions in Canada still tend to determine the course of social interaction—especially in the Atlantic provinces—and hippies are an accredited subspecies of the middle class. Elements of the counter-cultural life style flourish and are catered to in Halifax, though in a form which is politically almost completely etiolated. Headshops and boutiques are numerous; rock records, posters, organic grains and good stereo equipment are abundant; they cost about 50 per cent more than in New York but this, after all, is a potent form of elitism. In the summer hairy kids hang about and rap in Victoria Park —the most central in town—along with members of the 13th Tribe, a motorcycle gang whose efforts to look like Hell's Angels fail to conceal an underlying civility but may explain how Mick Jagger could have made the mistake he did at Altamont. Halifax has developed a fairly bad drug scene—mostly speed freaks who make themselves more miserable than they make others. The city is beautiful and in its own way very odd; cosmopolitan geographically, as befits Canada's only ice-free Atlantic port; very narrow and parochial in social class terms, as might be expected of a place that owes its very existence to having been an imperial outpost. Many years ago, in a Halifax that has not changed very much since, Anna Leonowens grew up to be the lady who went proudly forth to civilize the children of the King of Siam and rob him of his manhood on constitutional grounds. Today there is still a king in Bangkok, but he might have to make do with Martha Mitchell.

In Canada, the chief threat to personal freedom has not so far been lethal: it is a kind of Presbyterian stuffiness that is both more pervasive than in the United States because of the nation's greater ethnic homogeneity, and less authoritarian because the life style it represents is that of a social class that has less power than in the United States—though I fear that power is growing. In the United States, the threat *is* lethal and comes from Middle America which seizes at will the instruments of official violence. The results have included the Chicago Democratic convention and its miserable sequelae, which have not visibly weakened though they may have doomed Mayor Daley; Kent State, and, judging from the popular response to the Calley verdict among self-proclaimed proponents of law and order, Song My and its untold

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counterparts as well. The media are doing a very professional job of reconstructing the image of the American public responding to the image of Rusty Calley, and persuading everyone that this response was an agonizing crisis of conscience. But that wasn't conscience; it was home-town rage that the referee had dared to penalize one of our boys 5 yards for murder.

I certainly do not think that the United States is an unusually vicious country, though its viciousness disturbs me more than that of any other country since it is where I am still a citizen. Moreover, during the past few weeks Americans have shown probable cause for real pride and hope for the country's redemption. It is still a bit early for absolution, which usually requires that one desist from a particular sin as well as confess it. But the events of April 24 do show that the reality of the Indochina war has finally gotten through to some of the white middle class and not just to their children. There has been less oppression of the movement than expected and less than I think would have occurred—or than, indeed, usually has occurred—in most other countries of the world. J. Edgar Hoover appears to be experiencing de-Stalinization in his own lifetime. It now seems that the movement may indeed bring the war in Indochina to an end.

But if it does, then what? The movement is intensely anti-elitist and committed to equalizing economic opportunity and maximizing that of the poor. But its goals—ending the war, preserving the environment, preventing pollution—all run counter to the economic interests and life style of the working class, as well as of the military-industrial complex. It is this fact that makes the movement unpopular with a majority of Americans, who must be infuriated that—being good egalitarians themselves—they cannot even consciously admit to the real issues. Even the accusations directed against them miss the mark and provide no insight. I doubt very strongly, for example, that the reason the government cannot admit that the war can never be won, and end it, is because this acknowledgment of an evident truth would result in a "nightmare of recrimination." America has a long and consistent history of abandoning the wreckage of its failures and moving on; that is how the West was won. The reason, rather, is that, even without victory, the war is useful; it provides a sufficient catalytic effect on the economy simply by being. And it costs very little directly—except to Asiatics and the American young, neither of whom are greatly respected or possess political power in the United States. For most Americans, this has been a good little war; it goes on from year to year like a VW without changing much; replacement parts are obtainable at any draft board. The real purpose of those body counts hasn't been to gratify a taste for brutality—Middle America doesn't get that involved. It was to show what a bargain the country was getting.

The indirect costs are enormous, of course; but these are paid through a general deterioration in the quality of life like—and including—creeping inflation; and this is not held to be nearly as threatening as a limitation on individual competitive economic opportunity should be. The war still kills fewer Americans every year than automobile accidents. Peaceniks must anticipate a certain ambivalence from those whose burdens they would lift, and certainly from those, and there are many in America, who value economic opportunity more than life—especially other people's lives—itself. They aren't all members of the power elite. Indochina offers many opportunities to the small businessman as well.

Canadians are no less materialistic or consumer-minded than Americans; they may well be more so. But the society and the government, though more responsive to basic human needs, are less responsive to economic aspiration. It is still a less open society—the United States drains off the more aggressive entrepreneurial types. Fewer concessions are made, I believe, in order to increase economic opportunity in the middle ranges. Thus, public policy in Canada seems to favor environmental preservation. CBC constantly holds the issue before the television public; there have been serious conflicts between the Canadian and United States Governments about the pollution of Lake Erie—though this is not a clear case, since the major polluting cities are American. Conservationists don't win all the battles, and probably shouldn't. Joey Smallwood, the veteran Premier of Newfoundland, has just returned from a trip to Louisiana where he greatly admired the offshore oil-drilling rigs. Newfoundland's magnificent coast and its fishing industry—and ours in Nova Scotia as well—are probably doomed. But Newfoundland is very poor and has almost no industry. By U.S. standards Canada is underdeveloped, and industrialization will probably win there, too. But with more caution and controls, and less contempt for either the environment or established interests. Mr. Smallwood is unlikely to remark, though there is some basis for the statement, that when you've seen one codfish, you've seen them all.

Wielders of power in Canadian society usually opt for stability, rather than for expanded opportunities for others to rise in the world. This somewhat dulls the conflict between the generations by permitting the young to grow up with some confidence that they may find a familiar home and even some tolerance for a newer life style within the system of which they are a part, without becoming simply its tool. This policy, obviously, favors the sons and daughters of the middle class over those of the poor, but it also does not send the poor to war.

To me, my largely middle-class students seem unwilling to perceive that they are prisoners within the Canadian social system. To them, I probably seem equally, and more stridently, unwilling to recognize and accept the fact that they are its wardens; no freer than the prisoners to leave, but enjoying a somewhat different life and self-image. Is Canada, then, a prison? It is a compound within the American division of the Western system of social constraint; sufficiently uncrowded that minds innocent and quiet, such as many Canadians possess, may take it for a hermitage. It is also a functioning social system; and all social systems are in some respects prisons; for civilization has its discontents. What I miss most from having immigrated to Canada is the cry of "jailbreak!" echoing through the nation: clarion, inspiring, groovy. The chances of a mass escape seem to me poor, however, since most of the inmates would like nothing better than to throttle their liberators. The United States is nevertheless a wonderfully exciting country to visit. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Not Ape Nor Angel

MAN-CHILD: A Study of the Infantilization of Man. *By David Jonas and Doris Klein. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 362 pp. $8.95.*

ARNO KARLEN
Mr. Karlen writes fiction, poetry and criticism. He is the author of Sexuality and Homosexuality *(Norton) to be published soon.*

This book is about two of our century's obsessions, the child in man and the animal in man. *Man-Child* is bold, playful and instructive. Though it is written for laymen, parts of it will interest specialists as well. It is particularly interesting because it offers alternatives to our inherited notion that inmost man is either a beast or an angel, and the cause of his woes either his instincts or civilization.

Man is a wolf to man, says the maxim. If it were true, humanity would be far happier. Of all creatures, only man destroys himself and his kind. Man alone murders and tortures and rapes, turns perverted, suicidal, mad. We have tended to blame our worst qualities, though, on our animality. From classical writers through the social Darwinists and Freud, we have felt that the child and beast in man are one; reason and society must tame the little beast to the human state. An evil man, said Hobbes, is but a child grown strong.

A couple of centuries ago, some utopians began to reverse this idea. They said that civilization, not nature, is red in tooth and claw. From Rousseau to John Dollard, they have claimed that the child in man is loving and kind. Only reason and repression, the tools of a bestial society, taint his good nature. An evil man, said Dollard, is a child warped by frustration.

The authors of *Man-Child* accept neither of these profound half-truths. Dr. A. D. Jonas is a psychiatrist and neurologist with a background in animal-behavior studies. His wife, Doris Klein, is a science writer trained in anthropology. Together they have drawn on a wide range of research and observations to argue that man's peculiar triumphs and failures result from regressive evolution and neoteny—the persistence of infantile traits in the adult. That is, man is not a species moving toward greater and greater biological perfection. He has learned to live with a biological limp by prolonging childhood and retaining as an adult many infantile characteristics, from hairlessness to playfulness. And he is still evolving toward the blessings and the curse of greater infantilization.

The concept of regressive evolution is provocative. The early evolutionists said life had risen from an amoeboid blob in the primordial sea up to an amoral, primitive human horde, and then up the ladder of perfection to Lyell, Darwin and the Victorian middle class. But the Jonases say that intelligence and neoteny developed as a regressive adaptation. They give as an example of the process a herd of goats grazing in a lush valley. Some become weak through mutation or sickness and are pushed by the stronger creatures to the edge of the herd and to higher ground.

> The grass may be sparser there, but there is less competition for it . . . a few, with stronger muscles, perhaps, will be able to avail themselves of the more extensive, even if less rich, grazing land of the higher region. After many generations . . . a new subspecies will be seen bounding among the inhospitable boulders of the upland and nourishing itself on whatever vegetation is to be found there. By the time this stage is reached, it would be difficult for any onlooker to identify these mountain goats as the distant offspring of weak and sickly progenitors as he observes their powerfully built bodies, magnificently adapted to climbing and leaping over the rocks with great agility.

In a fascinating and quite original section of the book, the authors speculate that man came into being by such a process, and that this trend could have started as a response to epidemics of viral diseases millions of years ago. Imagine troops of tree-dwelling primates —the ancestors of man—decimated by waves of infectious illnesses such as polio and meningitis, which often have genetic aftereffects. The survivors, their nerves and genes damaged, can no longer swing in the trees. In the aftermath of disease, they stagger on the ground, weakened and uncoordinated. They are at the mercy of predators, unable to feed, survive and reproduce in their usual ways. In an extraordinary act of compensation, they begin to cope with their environment through inventiveness rather than agility and strength. They become tool users, weapon makers—become, in short, the builders of culture.

In the trees, the primate ancestor had got on quite well with his mammalian brain. That brain, the paleocortex, still exists in man, governing his biologically programmed urges and behavior—what laymen usually call instinct. But the proto-human could not survive with such equipment alone. He began to depend on intelligence, the ability to suspend automatic responses in order to reason, weigh alternatives, plan for the future. To delay or even countermand his programmed behavior, he had to develop a new brain, the neocortex, a computer-like, problem-solving organ overlying the paleocortex. For this new brain to store information and assume full functioning takes time; the learning period of early life had to increase. Thus childhood and intelligence grew in concert.

Unfortunately, the emotional old brain and the reasoning new brain often get in each other's way, and this is not a case of Godlike reason reining in savage drives. True, Western tradition says that instinct, the animal in man, is above all a source of rage and destructiveness. But instinct is often far more "intelligent" than reason. The old animal brain determines not only rage but maternal and nurturing urges; appeasing mechanisms that stop intra-species fights short of death; cooperative behavior that allows peaceful work, reproduction and raising of young.

Furthermore, this new brain is as prone to malfunction and misprogramming as the most delicate, complex computer. Where so much is left to learning, there is infinite opportunity to learn in distorted ways. Dr. Jonas, like every psychotherapist, must spend a great deal of his time seeing how the child in man —his distorted learned patterns, his misprogrammed "intelligence"—destroys his health and joy.

So man is the victim of his own adaptive triumph. Having developed intelligence to compensate for physical feebleness, he finds that this intelligence creates new vulnerability in turn. He invents penicillin, genocide, the Sistine Chapel, bizarre perversions, altruism and pogroms.

Most thinkers have taken sides in an imagined struggle between instinct and civilization. The Jonases accept the virtues and failings of both the mature

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animal and the perennial child within man. He retains through his adult life many characteristics that "lower" animals outgrow as they mature—playfulness, exploratory behavior, learning. And this keeps man at war with himself. The authors keep pointing out that the new brain only solves problems; the old brain "determines adaptational capacities and maturity. This will at least in part explain why extremely intelligent people at times behave in an irrational or immature fashion." And why the wolf and the whale have greater social finesse among themselves than do human beings:

> . . . we are suggesting that the norm for man is an arrest at the level of childhood. . . . It is not that the human being matures emotionally into an adult form of the species. Rather, the fully grown Homo sapiens is infantile anatomically, physiologically, and behavioristically. He can function in society only to the extent that he is successful in developing coping mechanisms that mask, but do not actually alter, his basic infantilism.

The Jonases often seem bemused, even amused rather than gloomy, as they consider this creature whose childish intelligence battles the "intelligence" of his instincts. They discuss one aspect of life after another in terms of this infantilism. They are at their best when drawing on Dr. Jonas' clinical experience; he has a gift, displayed in his previous specialized publications, for dramatizing and interpreting the emotions and behavior. He is convincing and clear when he discusses our infantile nature as it appears in family life, child rearing, psychosomatic disorders. And he defends, finally, a somewhat nonpermissive style of child rearing. "Children," he points out, "cannot train children."

But society, man himself, keep becoming more childlike. The book is excellent when it explores the shift in emphasis in human sexuality from reproduction to play. There is fascinating speculation on the neurological (and regressive) nature of creativity. The section on violence makes far more sense than most of the learned and journalistic gabble now in print. Instinct, the Jonases point out, aims at preserving a creature's life and accommodating it to its surroundings; riot, murder and vengeance are best explained as neocortical perversions of the instincts for self-defense, domination and territoriality.

Man-Child contains many shrewd observations on how society turns into a giant playpen when the struggle to survive no longer fills man's life. There are sections on the modern kitchen and bathroom as part of mankind's "expanding nursery"; on Abstract painting and infantilization of art; on youth culture, fashion, the space program. Here the book is stimulating but occasionally on shaky ground—somewhat far-fetched and once-over-lightly in tone. However, the authors are the first ones to say that they are playing with an idea, turning it kaleidoscopically in a spirit of fun and curiosity:

> . . . we have to be objective enough to view even the writing of this book as an expression of playfulness. . . . We talked and interrupted each other, eagerly trying to promote the personally discovered insight, just as do children deeply immersed in their games. But in spite of our childlike attitude toward work as fun, we do still retain some elements of mature behavior, probably remnants from the times when coping with the environment left no room for play. We like to think that a better understanding of our species might enhance its chances for survival in spite of its self-destructive tendencies, and to that extent we hope that our playful pursuit contains an element of the proper seriousness of maturity.

Much lip service is paid to interdisciplinary thinking and imaginative approaches to human and social problems, but too few people practice what they recommend. There should be more books like *Man-Child*—learned yet playful, grounded in knowledge of both man's culture and his biological roots. *Man-Child* deserves more attention than it has won since its appearance. The man-children (men-children? man childs?) who read it will go away with the same feeling of intellectual zest that informed the authors' labor. □

No More Parades

IF THIS BE TREASON: Your Sons Tell Their Own Stories of Why They Won't Fight for Their Country. *By Franklin Stevens. Peter H. Wyden. 243 pp. $5.95.*

WILLIAM O'ROURKE
Mr. O'Rourke has recently received a grant from the American Federation of Arts to work on his novel at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Mass.

Had Socrates been 18 when he was asked to choose between exile and hemlock, both his reasoning and the outcome might have been different. Every American male is faced with his own version of hemlock in the guise of conscription. It is a general plague, but since it claims its victims one at a time, we tend to think of it as if it were some lesser disease. As with any scourge some are spared and some are not, and this compilation of interviews and commentary by a free-lance journalist, Franklin Stevens, examines what has traditionally been the least attractive and honorable remedy, draft evasion.

In most minds, the draft evader evokes a grim comparison: his evasion is not balanced against the fate of the young man who has used the army as an escape from his home town, or as a rite of passage, or a time of maturation and acquiring of discipline, or whatever good the military is imagined to effect—but by a dead soldier. Just as there is no moral equivalent of war, there is no moral equivalent of death. But prison is taken to be a reasonable substitute, and for the convicted draft resister jail is the result.

The draft dodger of the forties and fifties, shown in cartoons with paper clips and pencils stuck in his ear, is not discussed by Mr. Stevens, though he must still exist; Stevens' subjects are the conscientious evaders. As one of them says, "In a way I think it's good there is a draft. Because I think it's made a lot of guys think about things they would never have thought about otherwise." The draft is the first direct contact most men have with the federal government.

Stevens points out, in a short historical survey, that opposition to the draft is not a response to poor methods of selection but a response to lack of "national support for the purposes to which conscription is being put." The author quotes from a letter of Daniel Webster: "Who will show me any constitutional injunction, which makes it the duty of the American people to surrender every thing valuable in life, and even life itself, not when the safety of their country and its liberties may demand the sacrifice, but whenever the purposes of an ambitious and mischievous Government may require it?" Attempting to make the draft completely equitable simply does not touch the issue.

The draft maintains itself at the expense of the hesitant and the ignorant. That the Selective Service System aims at having a continually replenished pool of 19-year-olds to choose from is an example of its cynical realism. The draft evaders Stevens encountered, for the most part, had been made unfit for service by their college education. With the growth of mass education, the burden of con-

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science is shifting away from those who evade to those who go into the army, asking that they provide positive reasons for their choice. Resistance to the war takes the form of evasion for the largest number, and the most common variety is what one young man in Stevens' study termed "ethical evasion," which he explained as getting into the National Guard or Reserves, or taking a job that brought you a deferment in the national interest, or being the only means of support for one's family, or claiming a legitimate medical impairment—in other words, any kind of socially acceptable reason for a deferment. Each class of evaders, it appears from this book, is distrustful of every other. Those who achieve "ethical evasion" have little good to say of the other forms, especially that of the conscientious objector. The draft law contains a provision allowing the government to dismiss fanatics (i.e., Quakers and Mennonites) from the service, as any processing machine will reject a misshapen package. However, this provision was seized upon by others who did not fit the prescribed orthodoxy, and it turned out to be the weak link in the chain. The C.O. classification is the part of the system bearing the greatest stress. By all reports, including Stevens', members of local boards deciding claims of C.O. status have the theological and philosophical depth of a beauty-pageant jury; they look for "sincerity," the antidote that can cure a bad case of the doubts.

Stevens' group of evaders, on the whole, went through the same process of evolution as the jailed resisters, except that along the way they were presented with a way out and took it. In a number of cases the way out was the opportunity to establish a record of psychiatric disease. By this time, it has come to seem natural for a man to seek out a psychiatrist in order to be liberated from this insane war; in no other instance has the medical profession achieved so many total cures.

The interviews Stevens records are filled with the joylessness of preventive measures—trying to make something not occur, going against the grain of natural impulses—and achieving at best a Pyrrhic success. The situation favors, in the words of one evader, "the mentality of a con man, a crooked lawyer or accountant out to find loopholes in everything."

Though not at all free from the defects of its genre (tape-recorder-aided journalistic sociology), nonetheless *If This Be Treason* touches on most of the issues involved in draft evasion. The uneasy feeling this book produces in the reader is that of discoursing intelligently about fire and its properties while at the center of a conflagration. □

More Stately Mansions

MODEL CITY. *By Fred Powledge. Simon & Schuster. 350 pp. $7.95*

SAMUEL KAPLAN
Mr. Kaplan is professor of architecture at New York's City College. He worked in New Haven as an aide to Mayor Richard C. Lee.

There was a time in the mid-sixties when it seemed that New Haven could do no wrong. While other cities were racked with riots and sinking into decay, New Haven prospered, attracting federal and foundation grants as its well-oiled urban and human renewal programs proclaimed in brochures and brick that a city could survive, and stylishly at that. Conferences, commissions and Congressmen converged on this relatively small city of 140,000 to find what New Haven was doing right and to reinforce their faith in federal urban renewal and anti-poverty progams.

It was an exciting time for the urban administrators and experts attracted to New Haven. It was a time of power as the city parlayed its successes into new successes, at least in the public eye. It was a time of pride as paper programs materialized into real projects, with gestures toward good design. And it was a time of vanity, as the city and its managers enjoyed the best possible public relations and, unfortunately, began to believe the good things they heard about their own performances.

Then came the summer of 1967 and the riots. To be sure, there were neither fatalities nor extensive property damage. Some called it a "disturbance," and compared to what happened in Detroit, Watts and Newark, it was. But nevertheless in a few short days the riots destroyed the image of a "model city" that it had taken New Haven ten years to build, and left the local and federal bureaucracies, and the urban establishment that feeds upon them, dazed and defensive.

What went wrong in New Haven is the subject of Fred Powledge's book. It is a lucid case study of well-meaning politicians and professionals pursuing their concept of the common good, and doing something so well—rebuilding a city—that they apparently forgot that they were supposed to be doing it for the people who lived there.

The first 100 pages of *Model City*

The first inside report on the Nixon administration—by the first insider asked to leave it.

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"The Administration will come of age with the publication of this first insider's memoir about how politics shaped Mr. Nixon's major civil rights policies." —Max Frankel, *New York Times*

by Leon E. Panetta and Peter Gall

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is a somewhat perfunctory review of New Haven's urban and human renewal programs prior to the riots. Powledge draws heavily on previous books about this golden decade, and particularly on Allan Talbot's excellent *The Mayor's Game*, without, however, being able to match its insight and humor. However, once New Haven's failure is revealed in the riots, Powledge is sharp and enlightening:

> New Haven was supposed to be several steps ahead of every other city in the nation. It has been many steps ahead with physical renewal. It was ahead in the matter of demolishing homes, demolishing downtown, then rebuilding. It was ahead of all others when it was a question of plotting the move from physical renewal to human renewal. New Haven was ahead on Head Start . . . employment . . . legal services. . . . But it was not ahead on the most vital single issue of the social revolution, the issue that made all other statistics not quite so important: the participation by the citizens in the decisions affecting their futures.

Powledge pounds away at that theme, but in doing so simplifies the issues and the major actors involved in setting policy. Only in his portrait of New Haven's Mayor, Richard Lee, do the problems lose their black-and-white simplicity. But just as the issues were complex for Lee, so they were for the divided bureaucracy, community organizers, activists, the citizens in general, and Yale University.

Powledge's analyses of the city's decisions are too often based simply on the statements of persons who are really just guessing at the motives of the principal actors, often incorrectly. As for the protagonists themselves, they are typically defensive, and often conceal actions and failures to take action that led directly to the riots and the repression thereafter. The portrait is unbalanced, for Powledge has an obvious bias against those who played the leading parts and in favor of their critics. As a result of his bias, the book provides a sharp perspective on New Haven during and after the riots, but unfortunately it is not consistently correct or complete.

Nevertheless, Powledge's perspective is most appropriate at this time. We are living in an age of urban managers who have too much faith in technocracy and too little respect for democracy. New Haven had been a breeding ground for such technocrats. Powledge assesses their failure:

> A city administration sharp enough to get bagsful of money from Washington, sharp enough to entice conservative businessmen into risky redevelopment schemes, sharp enough to be on so many occasions the first and the prototype, should have been sharp enough to recognize, cope with, and even welcome and promote the involvement of the citizens in the planning and execution of programs designed to turn their expectations into reality.

It is our good fortune that *Model City* is not couched in the academic jargon of the sociologist and political scientist. That accomplished journalists involve themselves in urban affairs is important to both journalism and the city. Powledge's book should serve as a warning that rebuilding a city is not just erecting new buildings and drafting programs. In all such endeavors the people must play more than a passive role. □

Brain Waves

VIOLENCE AND THE BRAIN. *By Vernon H. Mark and Frank R. Ervin. Harper & Row. 170 pp. $6.95.*

JOHN GLIEDMAN

Mr. Gliedman, a psychologist in the Boston area, is currently at work on a novel about a scientist, entitled Figure-Ground.

Why do radical scientists—the ones who do nasty things like disrupt AAAS meetings and publish magazines like *Science for the People*—seem especially enamored of the dirty word? Can it be that there is an unconscious intellectual bias to scientific prose as it is written in this country, a Maxwellian demon which, not content with producing awkward and improbable constructions, lulls the scientific mind to sleep whenever it strays to consider the social implications of its work? And if so, do those radical troublemakers use obscenity in self-defense, in a desperate attempt to keep themselves from lapsing into the grand scientific manner? Probably not. But it is tempting to succumb to this impish hypothesis so long as one is reading Vernon Mark and Frank Ervin's *Violence and the Brain*. For like many before it—José Delgado's *Physical Control of the Mind* is another—this is a book that tells a scientific story quite well, but seems to fall off into a deep slumber when it turns to the political and social implications of the research that it reports.

Mark and Ervin would have us believe that traditional sociological explanations of persistent violent behavior, meaning everything from wife-beating to murder, are essentially wrongheaded. In the place of sociology they propose a "biological" approach which has important implications for "those who share the responsibility for dealing with violent individuals" in America. They think that if violence is as American as apple pie that is because many Americans suffer from "brain malfunction" which makes them have a "low threshold for violence."

> What we are saying is that an appreciable percentage of the relatively few individuals guilty of repeated personal violence are to be found in this 5 to 10 per cent of the population whose brains do not function in a perfectly normal way . . . more often than not the kind of individual violence we are discussing is related to brain malfunction.

Now, to say the least, this is an extremely strong claim, and the authors attempt no proof of it. Indeed, they acknowledge that there is no hard and fast evidence in support of it at all. What they do believe is that there are reasonable grounds for suspecting that brain damage of one sort or another is a major cause of violence, grounds strong enough to warrant a large-scale research effort in this area.

Much of their book is taken up with marshaling the indirect evidence. It is not especially compelling, but one can see why Mark and Ervin believe it justifies further research. Perhaps more important for the lay reader, the inquiry serves as the occasion for an excellent review of current brain research on emotion, a discussion notable for its clarity and compression.

But that is not why *Violence and the Brain* is an important book. For Mark and Ervin are not just scientists. They are also doctors with extensive experience in the treatment of violence-prone patients. And they do not simply mean to study and, in some extreme cases, treat violent people. Their long-term aim is more ambitious. They want to nip violence in the bud, just as one diagnoses TB in its early stages by means of a chest X-ray, and cures it before it grows any worse. They want to do this because traditional approaches to violence "have not reduced the level of violence in our country or the world."

> If we can only learn to identify those people within our society who have a low threshold for impulsive violence because they suffer from brain malfunction, we will have taken the first step toward treating these individuals; and what is more important from the public point of view, toward preventing their violent behavior. . . .

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> In our view the best way to go about gathering the information we so desperately need about violence is to start with a sociobiological study of violent persons. This study must be aimed at *(1)* establishing the physical and social causes for such behavior; *(2)* developing reliable early warning tests for violence; *(3)* assessing presently available methods of treatment, including medical and surgical techniques, as well as behavioral therapies; and *(4)* establishing community facilities to help violent persons—facilities that also might be used for medical and sociological studies. . . .
>
> . . . we need to develop an "early warning test" of limbic brain function to detect those humans who have a low threshold for impulsive violence, and we need better and more effective methods of treating them once we have found out who they are. Violence is a public health problem, and the major thrust of any program dealing with violence must be towards its prevention—a goal that will make a better and safer world for us all.

Despite its tone of academic understatement, this is an astonishing proposal. Surely it is one thing to treat people who voluntarily come to a hospital complaining of violent episodes, and quite another to set up an early warning system which identifies and treats potentially violent people, "preferably before they commit any violent act, but certainly, at least, before they commit more than one." Just who is going to decide what constitutes a violent tendency? And what will the indicators of that tendency be? A brain-wave abnormality which is correlated 20 per cent of the time with subsequent violent behavior? Or 50 per cent? And what if such abnormalities are also associated with positive traits? Will the slightly manic scientist who wears out two secretaries and accomplishes prodigies of work slip through the violence-control net? Or the poet? Or will this all be neatly resolved by having one standard for the ghetto and another one for the suburb? And what if there are "minor" side effects from Mark and Ervin's cures: flattening of emotion and creativity, loss or alteration of sexual drive? These may well be acceptable costs for a Washington planner, but not for his victim. And what—for heaven's sake—about the rest of the world? Will an early warning system, no doubt suitably modified, become part of our military assistance programs to future Vietnams with violence problems of their own? After all, as the eminent neurosurgeon, Dr. William Sweet, observes in his foreword to the book, there is "the hope that knowledge gained about emotional brain function in violent persons with brain disease can be applied to combat the violence-triggering mechanisms in the brains of the non-diseased."

Of course, this is not to say that Mark and Ervin's proposal is necessarily a bad one. Perhaps, when its possible benefits are balanced against its manifest dangers, there are still strong reasons for pursuing it anyway. And even if it is unwise, it is certainly no easy thing to forgo research on diagnosing and treating patients who complain of violent episodes simply because such research may make a violence-control network possible in a decade or two. But—and here is what is so extraordinary about their book—Mark and Ervin make no attempt to weigh the pros and cons of the matter.

Were the authors conservatives whose social gospel began and ended with "law and order," this oversight would be understandable. But, in fact, they go out of their way to establish their liberal credentials. They assure us that they are "well aware of the economic and social injustices that drive groups of people to riot and rebellion." They believe that " 'law and order' . . . has often been a euphemism for the suppression of public demonstrations and protests . . . [and] brings with it the specter of an authoritarian police state." And they may even hint that they do not approve of the war in Vietnam: "as long as senseless killings and brutality are acceptable events in our cities, on our highways, and in our foreign relations, then identifying any violent individual as unique will continue to be very difficult indeed." Why, then, are the doctors so insensitive to the problems which their early warning system raises?

One clue is provided by a passage which appears near the end of the book. There, they write that "the need for finding some way to curb violence and to identify abnormal and potentially violent individuals grows ever more acute as technological advances in bacteriology and chemistry make it more and more possible for a single abnormal person to kill great numbers of people." In a book which is not disposed to think much about the future, this solitary venture into contemplating the unintended social cost of scientific research is revealing. Apparently Mark and Ervin can imagine technology increasing the destructiveness of isolated individuals, but not the intentional and unintentional destructiveness of institutions.

But there is yet another failure at work here besides this failure of the imagina-

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In bed
last night
I was an enormous
piano
and your fingers
were
Erik Satie
and his nine
deep dreams

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Patricia Traxler

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tion. There is, as it were, a failure of interest. Consider the relative emphasis of the discussion. Fully three-quarters of it deals with the scientific background to the authors' claims about violence. Of the remaining two chapters, only 2 pages even touch upon the practical difficulties of implementing their proposals, and here their discussion is perfunctory. First there is a quote from Howard Mumford Jones to the effect that violence is a bad thing. Then there is a definition of acceptable violence: it is "the controlled minimum necessary action to prevent personal physical injury or wanton destruction of property." And then there is nothing. Now, in a technical monograph this would be just about par —a few pious observations, a reference or two in the bibliography to science and society.

However, this is not simply a book written for other experts in brain research. It is directed equally to the lay reader "for whom the social implications of the book might be of value." Given this intended audience, Mark and Ervin's failure to trace out the "social implications" is scandalous.

Toward the end of last year's March 4th conference on science at M.I.T., there was an interesting exchange between the historian, Gar Alperovitz, and the physicist, Hans Bethe. After Alperovitz had observed that few scientists working on the atom bomb had thought about the political and social consequences of their work while they were doing it, a questioner from the floor asked Hans Bethe to comment. Bethe's answer—stark in its frankness and humility—seems to me to strike at the heart of the matter, both for the atomic scientists of a generation ago and for scientists today who, like Mark and Ervin, are doing research whose potential for long-term harm is perhaps as great as its potential for good:

> Dr. Alperovitz certainly speaks to our conscience, to the conscience of everyone who was present in making the atomic bomb. And I confess and admit that I was not among the enlightened people who thought of the consequences. One of the reasons was that we were far too busy, and while I tremendously admire the great men who did stand up and whom he mentioned, they did not themselves participate very much in the technical work immediately prior to the making of the bomb. So they were not busy. Now being too busy is of course a fault, and I apologize for it. It was probably the greatest race for time that I have ever seen. It kept us permanently occupied.

Ah, well, perhaps the *Science for the People* crowd have something after all. □

My Visit to the United States

Ernst Schumacher

Editors' Note: After the official refusal of a visa to the Belgian Marxist economist, Ernest Mandel, and the subsequent reversal of that decision as a result of the public outcry it provoked, Americans might have been forgiven for imagining that that particular variety of petty tyranny was a thing of the past. Professor Mandel had been invited by various bodies of scholars to join them in their discussions and to deliver lectures on his specialty. The idea that the pursuit of knowledge was henceforth to be regulated in accordance with State Department fiat was unacceptable to a wide assortment of Americans, and was the motive for a well-coordinated and effective campaign of protest. The ban was lifted—though too late for Professor Mandel to meet with his hosts in the academic world at the time and place of their choosing.

Last summer, in accordance with plans made by the Graduate Division of the German Department at Rutgers, in cooperation with the International Brecht Society, Dr. Ernst Schumacher was invited to attend a Bertolt Brecht symposium to be held at the university during the first days of April this year. Dr. Schumacher is an authority on the great German playwright, and his views may have been of special interest to his American hosts because his political sympathies, openly avowed, are close to Brecht's own Marxist ideology—which is to say, severely critical of the official ideology of the West in general and the United States in particular. Clearly, the views of such a scholar would have significance for persons professionally concerned with Bertolt Brecht's life and works almost in proportion to their scanty representation on American campuses. The State Department, however, thought such considerations outweighed by its own more immediate interests—the routine pulling and hauling in the game of international affairs. Dr. Schumacher was refused a visa. No doubt our officials found it easier to make that decision because Dr. Schumacher, though a citizen of West Germany, is not only a Communist but holds a university post in East Germany—and at the moment of writing, we have not yet sent a table-tennis team to the latter country.

Public protest is developing over this latest example of government interference with the freedom of Americans to consider whatever opinions they choose to hear, and it is not unlikely that this ban, too, will eventually be overturned. Unfortunately, the 1971 Bertolt Brecht symposium has come and gone. But until the next such occasion, it is instructive to read Dr. Schumacher's own account of his brush with our Department of State. It gives some idea of the kind of danger our policy makers apprehended from his proposed visit to this country, and also of the figure cut by our official representatives abroad in cases of this kind.

I applied at the United States consulate in West Berlin for the visa that would enable me to take part in your symposium, "Brecht in the Seventies." The consul was a middle-aged gentleman of ruddy appearance. He closely studied the invitation you had sent me.

"Oh, you are a Brecht specialist," he said.

Then he leaned back in his rocking chair and removed his stylish glasses. He commented nonchalantly but as it seemed to me with a certain malicious intent to see how I would respond: "Wouldn't you agree that Brecht survived the war in excellent shape in the States?"

I looked at this official, who was as well-intentioned as he was self-congratulatory. Brecht's "Letters to a Mature American" rose to my mind, especially the passage where Brecht writes of a great and vitiating "insecurity and failure of independence" among the American intellectuals that leaves them "superficial and scared and cynical."

"You might," Brecht said, "almost call it a clause of their job contracts that they will appear 'easygoing,' 'cheerful' and 'mentally balanced.' They contrive at this effect through the smoking of a pipe, through sticking their hands in their pockets and the like."

No doubt about it. The consul was consummately an easygoing, cheerful and mentally balanced man. Imperturbably he served as part of the American presence in "the free sector of Berlin."

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RASPBERRIES

The fathers told us
how sparrows
ate a fill of berries
beat wings dropped
seeds across river
and years of growing
parted by waters
grew into flaming briars

If we believe
what the fathers say
about seeds cleansed
in dark stomachs
and if we start out
heading due north
knifing our bodies
against the current
we will fill a bucket
by last light of today

If we believe
in the guts of words
roots contained in seed
then we will know
the sparrow is a bullet
in the heart
of the living dead

Doug Flaherty

With such thoughts in mind, I replied: "Yes, Brecht was able to survive the war in the States. But not the peace."

The consul expressed astonishment. As though he did not know Brecht thought it best to leave "God's own country" right after his summons to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings in October 1947. The consul then turned again to my visa application, my passport and your invitation. As he weighed these in his hands I began to develop a keener appreciation of the bitter, biting passages in Brecht's *Conversations Among Refugees*, where Ziffel and Kalle ironically discuss passports and visas. My awareness rose of the power disposed by consuls such as this over Brecht and other exiles—a power of life and death.

"I take it you are a Communist," the consul suggested.

"Yes, and in addition, although I am a citizen of West Germany, I am a professor teaching at Humboldt University [located in East Berlin]."

The consul nodded gravely with his eye cast on the questionnaire that everyone who seeks to travel to the States must fill in. As required, I had put down Yes to question 28 which asks: Have you ever crossed into the Soviet-occupied zone of Germany or East Berlin, and if Yes then please state details with dates. Under question 30, "Important Declarations," I had made another "revealing" declaration. Not indeed that I ever "suffered" any "dangerous contagious diseases" or "serious mental illness," or had been a drug addict. Rather, I responded affirmatively under this heading to the question whether I was now or had ever been a member of the Communist Party or any related organization. My intellectual capacity holding up well, I could agree to question 31: Have you read and understood the text of paragraph 30? Also I marked the *yes* square under question 32: Do any provisions of paragraph 30 apply to you?

"Do you believe you have been invited as a private individual, or as a scholar who is active in East Berlin?" the consul wanted to know.

Despite the considerable evidence that I produced, I was unable to clarify the problem of my personal identity to the consul's satisfaction. He concluded, therefore, that the decision had to be left to Washington.

"If you want a quick report of the decision, you will have to pay for it. We'll do anything for money," he said, not without cynicism as it seemed to me.

Inasmuch as I calculated my chances of getting a visa to be slight after filling out the application truthfully, I considered the sum that the consul asked for a rapid response—$10—as very high.

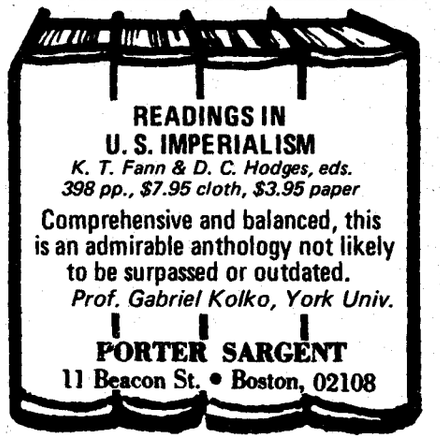
The consul depreciated the cost: "For this sum of money we would sell the whole lot of American Communists."

I replied, "A day is not far off," and I confess to a certain tone of irritation, "when your nation might be willing to give a great deal to get them back again. For that reason it is a good thing that Communists cannot be bought or sold."

A week later the consul wrote that my application had been turned down. He backed up the ruling with the statement that in "East Germany" American citizens continued to be held in prison, among them one who "was engaged in doing a dissertation on Brecht."

"Should he or others find their freedom restored," so it was put to me, "we could consider your application again."

What goes on in the mind of the American consul who signed this note? What did the functionaries think who took the decision? Do they suppose there is no higher lure for a Socialist scholar than to be permitted to travel to the "Land of the Free?" And that, accordingly, on the strength of information coming only from U.S. officials, the scholar can be coaxed to call the system of justice and the verdicts handed down in the German Democratic Republic into question, though he has not the slightest other evidence for doing so? Obviously they don't understand (or do they too well?) that for a person committed today to a more humane world, it can't be any special honor to be granted a visa by those who conduct themselves as the policemen of the whole world; while they preserve in their own land (as Brecht noted with horror) the "stinking prejudices, never stoppered and scarcely ventilated . . . against Negroes, Jews and Mexicans . . ." Moreover, they continue to force science and scholarship to submit to power. They don't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understand (or do they too well?) that honor can only consist in being invited by the "other America." The one where ever more Americans are to be found and will continue to be found. These are the democrats, civil libertarians, war resisters, Communists and Christians and liberals, who today and in these weeks are entering a fight on behalf of the young black scholar Angela Davis, so she will not be put to death as were, before her, other victims of the bourgeois system of justice as Sacco and Vanzetti or the Rosenbergs. I just regret this visa refusal because the exclusion from the States deprives me of getting acquainted with these people who make up the "other America." But I am firmly convinced that this "other America" will be worthily represented at your 1971 Brecht symposium. To study Brecht, to take him seriously, must encourage any American not only to regard his own society as something that can be changed, but to work toward changing it as well. □

THE WEEPING SEA-BEAST

You grind out salt eternally
Into the heavy heart of your salt sea.

It slows you down, you, tentacled for food,
Ranging a dense oppressive neighborhood.

To look, to like, to eat, to break your fast!
Before you move an inch an hour is past,

Your prey is past, a swarm of scales, an eye,
A round fish eye, a rude unblinking eye.

You close on nothing, slowly you untwine
Your many arms and trail them through the brine.

Now sailors at the surface hear you cry.
They hear you cry and cannot fathom why.

For there are agile creatures all around
Who dart like flames through this rich hunting-ground

And others who lie still and gaping wide
And make no move; but armies come inside.

Naomi Replansky

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The big room on the fourth floor of the Whitney Museum looks marvelous now and will until June 20. The Andy Warhol exhibition, arranged by John Coplans for the Pasadena Art Museum, is there and Warhol has finally found a use for the wallpaper he designed several years ago with a large red cow's head as the repeat. It covers the walls, and the pictures, bright and plentiful, are hung against it. Many of the flowers are here, as vivid and insouciant as ever, both the first version, in which green is printed over the grainy black-and-white background of grass, and the later edition which has the bright flowers alone on the black and white, in some ways a prettier effect. The result is something between the Isabella Gardner Museum and a new discothèque.

Warhol has excluded his earlier work and the show begins with the Campbell soup cans in 1961, leaving out the freely drawn and painted works. The soup cans are partly done by hand, partly printed, but the *appearance* of anonymity and the fact of repetition make them characteristic of Warhol's main line as a painter. The silk screen is central to his art and it is used like this: an image is mechanically transferred to a screen which can then be used repeatedly. The amount of paint and the pressure with which it is applied effect the impression that the screen leaves on the canvas. In one of the Marilyn Monroe paintings, for instance, the image of the star's head ranges from a dark blot to a parched outline. The fixed image takes on a multifarious life. As a byproduct of casual printing, the silk screen gives a kind of automatic "personal handling."

Warhol's pictures all use known imagery, the labels on Campbell's soups, pre-existing photographs, and he has been compared with Duchamp because of their mutual use of the ready-made. However, where Duchamp used the ready-made as an aggressive insertion into the field of art, Warhol uses it to saturate his art with life's traces. All his best pictures are based on photographs in the public domain. When, as in his commissioned portraits, he uses photographs taken expressly for him, or accepts family snapshots, there is a touch of imposture or, at the least, of dullness. The texture of social reality that his choice of public photographs conveys is an essential part of his art. None of his commissioned portraits is among his best works. The literal human presence is much better expressed in his early films. Henry Geldzahler, one of those who sat in front of the camera for Warhol with nothing to do but be there, suggests that "Andy's nature really is [that of] a great portraitist." The quotation is from John Wilcock's first-published book of interviews, *The Autobiography and Sex Life of Andy Warhol* (Colorcraft, Inc.).

That the use of ready-made photographs elicits a certain kind of structure, appears from a comparison of the different formats with which Warhol has experimented. The uniform tessellation of identical images is his best form. When the images are inverted or tilted or moved around to make an internal pattern, they lose their normalcy and become design elements, which abates the quoted material's immediacy, as in "Liz as Cleopatra." Without the constancy of regular repetition, the image tends to jump or float or to collide with the edge of the canvas. It must be straight, though it can be any color, as the electric chair is orange, lavender, or silver. It seems that variation needs to be of a sort compatible with the photographic image. Thus the overlapping of one image to produce a metaphor of motion, as in the Elvis paintings, is absolutely coherent, as are changes in the color and clarity of the image. The fading or the loss of detail within the image is like life itself when it has been photographed and reproduced.

What comes across at the Whitney, as never before in smaller exhibitions, is the exhilaration of proliferating images and quirky, glamorous color. There is a sharp charm and verve to his paintings and the only precedent I can think of is, perhaps, Picabia. As Warhol works in runs of set sizes his work has a potential for combination, well used in this show. The smaller flowers, electric chairs and soup cans, borrowed from different collections, are grouped together in blocks or rows, like the repeating images within the larger paintings. It looks as if the paintings had

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discovered self-reproduction. Even the larger paintings can be aligned in new neighborhoods: the two well-known Marilyn Monroe paintings from the Burton Tremaine collection, for instance, have temporarily lost their identity as a diptych and are part of a bigger set of Marilyns. A modular structure, easily extendable and just as easily cut off anywhere, underlies all Warhol's paintings. This infinite checkerboard is a sufficient structure without other forms of ordering. One of the reasons that Warhol did not wish to show his earlier works is that they are outside this module being one-at-a-time, noninterchangeable pictures. John Coplans was evidently interested in showing them, for they are reproduced and discussed in the book, not a catalogue, that accompanies the exhibition (distributed by the New York Graphic Society).

A few points of detail might be raised concerning paintings included or absent. Certainly, the organizers are not to be blamed for all omissions (I, for one, refused to lend a painting to the show because I was worried about the condition of the paint), but I missed a couple of things. It would have been good to see "The Men In Her Life," a painting of 1962, in which four figures are turned into a crowd by blurry overlapping, and "1947 White" (1963), one of the best disaster paintings. This is remarkable as an image (a suicide who jumped from a building and fell onto a car, the roof buckled around her body, like a bed or a crusader tomb) and as a painting. It is one of the most successful of the paintings in which Warhol has left irregular margins without interrupting the regular pulse of the repeated image. His most recent work, forty silk screens of flowers on paper, are emptily elaborated with fancy color that swamps and blunts the image; it is the only time I have known Warhol to lose his laconic sense of color and design. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song, written, directed and starred in by Melvin Van Peebles, is beginning to stir up some controversy, at least in the theatre section of the Sunday *New York Times* (May 9). On its merits as a film, *Sweet Sweetback* does not warrant extended debate. It is easily placed in the convention of American screen violence: a social outcast is rightfully moved to an act of summary justice, is then forced to fly for his life, is variously helped or impeded by old friends and new acquaintances, and over the course of a long chase demonstrates his moral and physical superiority to the representatives of authority who had triggered his act of rebellion and are now bent on laying him by the heels. This sufficiently routine plot is embellished by an overassertive musical score (also by Mr. Van Peebles) and dressed up with a good deal of "process" photography that is by now also a routine device for suggesting stress more extreme than the script or actors are able to convey.

However, there is more to it than that. Van Peebles is one of the very few black directors working in commercial movies, and one of the few directors, black or white, who can make pictures with little studio interference (his previous films which gained him this freedom, are *The Story of a Three Day Pass* and *Watermelon Man*). So *Sweet Sweetback* is presumably what he thinks is a proper work for the times.

Sweetback was a waif adopted by the madam and girls of a Southern California whorehouse. He distributed towels to the rooms and at the age, I would guess, of 14 won his name from one of the girls, who was perhaps the first to enjoy his astonishing sexual capacity (her transports are extended on the screen by use of stop photography). Later, he becomes the male lead in the nightly "show" given in the drawing room of the house for a black-and-white mixed company of voyeurs. As the plot begins to mesh, he is on his way downtown in a police car (to "accommodate" a couple of detectives in need of a fake arrest), when the white men pick up a young black agitator and begin, with every sign of sadistic glee, to beat him into insensibility, Sweetback clobbers these two with the handcuffs they have put on him, and begins to run.

He runs to the house of a friend and asks the girl there to remove the handcuffs. "First things first," she says, zipping down his fly and pulling him onto the bed. He is caught by a white motorcycle gang, whose girl leader challenges him to a duel, leaving the choice of combat to him. "Fucking," he demands, and proceeds to vanquish her in the center of a circle hastily formed by the admiring leather jackets. Treacherous cyclists put the state police on Sweetback's trail (he is hiding in a gang clubhouse, along with the militant youth who has rejoined him). Two troopers burst in and in the ensuing struggle the boy is seriously hurt; Sweetback kills both cops with a pool cue. A Negro cyclist now shows up, with orders to rescue Sweetback; but he nobly defers in favor of the hurt boy.

Sweetback is eventually captured and is being worked over in accordance with instructions radioed by a twitching police chief, but escapes when teen-age blacks set fire to a police car nearby. At the end of the picture, he is nearing the Mexican border, when trackers set three large dogs on his track; the bloodied bodies of the dogs are later seen floating in the river. During all this period, several days, Sweetback is almost without

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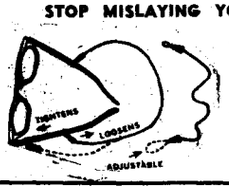

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sleep or food (he does catch a desert lizard and suck its juices after cutting off its head).

This, of course, is superman stuff; it also, as Van Peebles must be aware, accords with the stereotype of black menace disseminated by the most reactionary white supremacists (as the white characters in the film fit the stereotypes of brutish oppression). The director dedicates his film to "all the black brothers and sisters who have had enough of The Man." So what is he trying to do with his image of an utterly impassive and indestructible black man who screws his way to local fame and beats his way to freedom over the smashed bodies of honkie authority? Is he trying to start another race war?

Clayton Riley, a black free-lance writer who discusses the picture in the *Times*, says that it contains a "vision Black people alone will really understand in all of its profane and abrasive substance." He adds that the "survival of the Sweetbacks of the world, their ability to maintain their lives, is America's most significant current event. All those welfare spooks are surviving, along with the Vietcong and so many other well-endowed outlaws." And he quotes from Van Peebles something that the director picked up in an old book, *Traditional Prologue of the Dark Ages*: "Sire, these lines are not an homage to brutality that the artist invented, but a hymn from the mouth of reality. . . ."

All that can be taken as threatening, and as far as Sweetback surviving or the mouth of reality are concerned it is largely nonsense, because Sweetback exists only in the realm of romantic popular entertainment that includes the likes of Wild Bill Hickok and the sheriff's posse. However, it is true that blacks in the audience with me seemed to relish the proceedings more than I did—enjoying the sensation of revenge, which I understood, and apparently not bothered by the degradation, which I think they would not have taken from a white director. It may be that Van Peebles is intent on adding to the Mau Mau rhetoric that has done more than any overt acts to bring the heavy hand of authority down on the black militant movement for social justice.

But I saw the picture before I read Mr. Riley, and it seemed to me then that the director was not so calculating. I thought he was doing what a good many commercial film makers do these days, taking a plot guaranteed foolproof by generations of filmgoers and revving it up with the allurements of the current permissiveness and the "relevance" of contemporary social situations. Like all such films, I thought it marginally damaging, in that it might lead astray those who do not detect its origins in melodramatic hokum. At the same time, there were scenes that I thought rose above the general level of the picture and made real comments: one in which a black hustler double-talks his way out of Sweetback's appeal for help; another in which a bootblack shines a white man's shoes by sitting astride them and slithering about in a lascivious manner that turns his submissiveness into a weapon against his customer; and a third in which an epicene black preacher, dressed in high ecclesiastical camp, apologizes to Sweetback for the venality and vulgarity of his church service by saying that it gives the parishioners solacing dreams. These passages, more than the TV violence and implausible heroics, made vivid the sources of contemporary black rage. They also give one confidence in the future of Van Peebles, some hope that he will find a way to tell stories he knows and not rely on rather irresponsible contemporary emotionalism to revitalize stock films he must have seen in his childhood. □

HOME

. . . said that I loved you, and that
is spoken again, recalled
of the different spaces in which
we are brought to this presence: it is
romantic
enough,
high trees in the distance
the sky,
forming itself in its objects:
cloud cover, the wind, two
gulls over the water: distant
and yet closely, and yet . . .
we're the sum of our objects
of speech, each time
we have said it
I love you: gulls
have appeared, the earth's moved
in whatever life, or place
into this present.

Toby Olson

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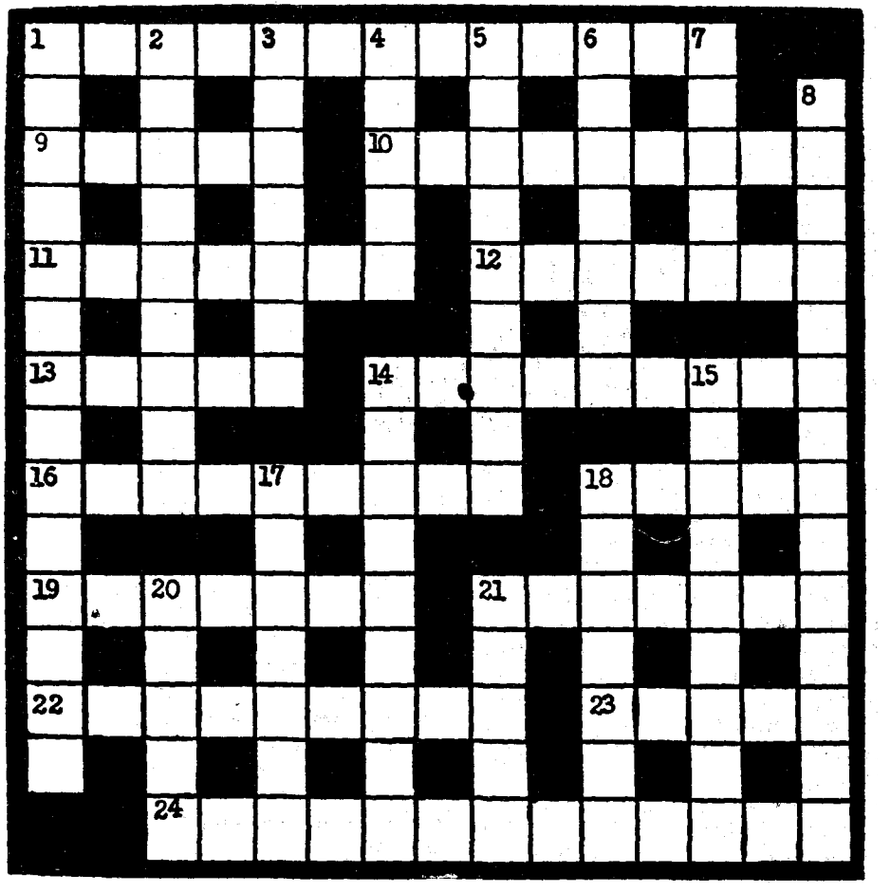
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Torch bands? Yes, in a way, but the source of their ill-gotten gains was not the quick type. (4,9)
9 Peter was a pumpkin! (5)
10 Would antiestablishmentarians hope to so dismiss authority? (The military might hope to increase it.) (4,5)
11 What's the point of numbers, anyway? (7)
12 Parachute. (7)
13 One hopes to keep such work-bench items on hand. (5)
14 Drink project in the island? (9)
16 Mind all the way! (In the manner of a listener, of course.) (9)
18 Any picnic held has to have a recess! (5)
19 Bigots were by Zola. (7)
21 The peculiar aroma in the country, according to native spell. (7)
22 Come to the end of the line? (9)
23 Possibly remembered as the gold of Venice. (5)
24 Calls it troublesome in an Indian city, in an inflationary way. (13)

DOWN

1 Flowers that some of our less liberal politicians often decry? (8,6)
2 Equivalent to something other than a public seer, perhaps. (9)
3 Uses severe economy. (7)
4 The hand of the *Recessional* is commonly pretty bad. (5)
5 Initially, New York article? Absolutely! (9)
6 Where they used to buy things in Kansas? (7)
7 Underground needleworker? (5)
8 In the main, an unexpected reply about one way to seriously consider the worker. (14)
14 Old stagefare made moral, possibly. (9)
15 Crafty catch-line, in a way? (9)
17 One system of dictation? (7)
18 Rover might be angry with the shattered icon surrounding it. (7)
20 This bean should be the watery type. (5)
21 Butler in a well-known novel. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1394

ACROSS: 1 Shillelagh; 6 Tilt; 10 Account; 11 Rumples; 12 Punsters; 13 Harem; 15 Rheas; 17 Backroads; 19 Ptarmigan; 21 Eagle; 21 Ictus; 24 and 29 Shocking pink; 27 Gudgeon; 28 Runback; 30 Mideastern. DOWN: 1 and 25 Spankings; 2 Include; 3 Louts; 4 Litter bug; 5 Gores; 7 Illyria; 8 Taskmaster; 9 Amphorae; 14 Cropping up; 16 Semester; 18 Concourse; 20 Acted on; 22 Gunwale; 24 Sinai; 26 Skin.

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